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FEBRUARY 2005

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NARRATED BY MORGAN FREEMAN

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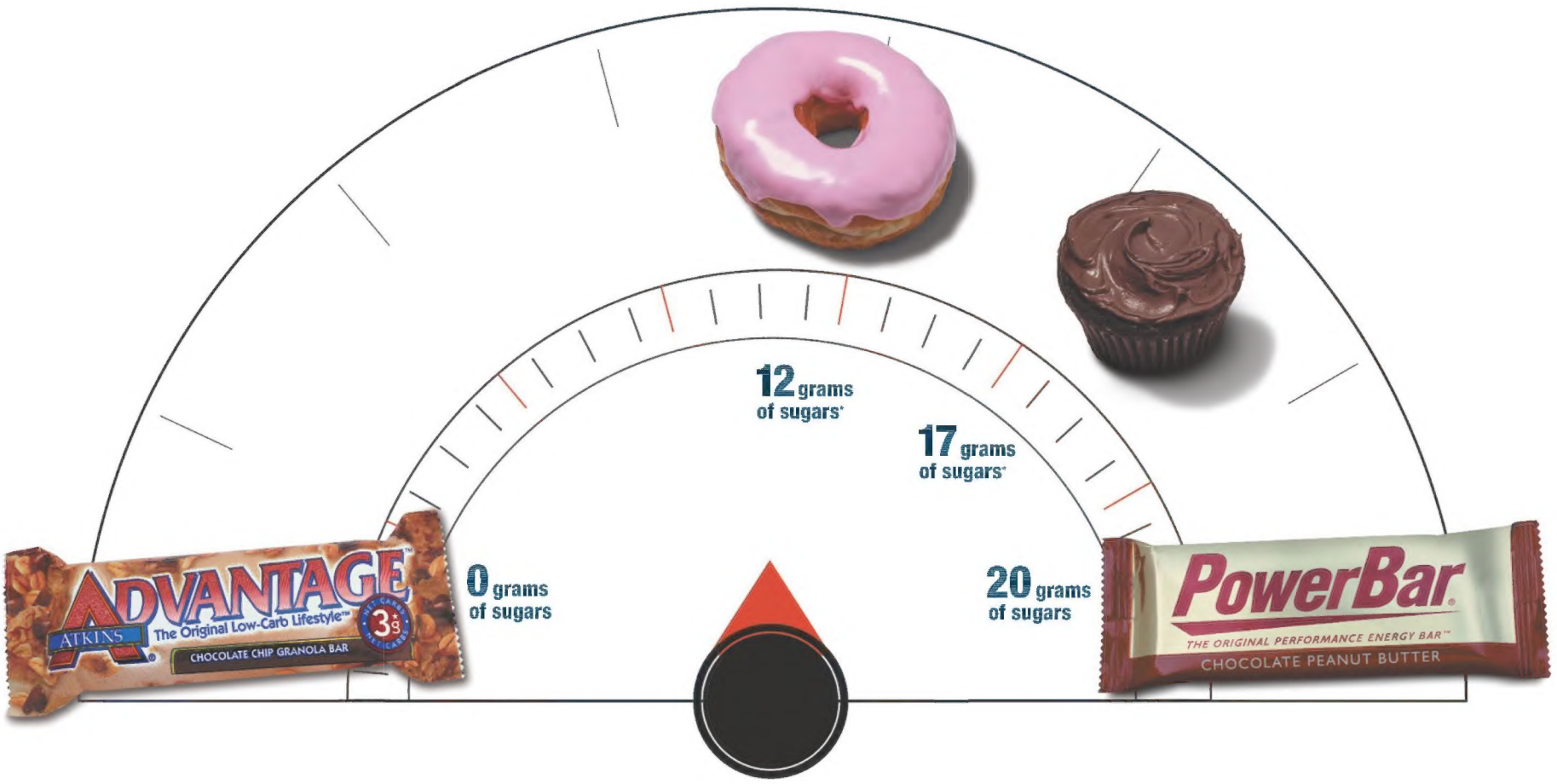


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"For 35 months—from November 2001 to October 2004—I would have the extraordinary privilege of witnessing Afghanistan's rebirth." —"ASSIGNMENT AFGHANISTAN," PAGE 108

PAMELA CONSTABLE

The departure of the Taliban has brought new freedom and opportunity to Afghan women and girls.

ON THE COVER: The ancient harbor town of Cefalu, on Sicily. Photograph by Bethune Carmichael / Lonely Planet Images

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"His Pie Town images portrayed this little clot of high-mountain-desert New Mexico humanity in all its redemptive, communal, hard-won glory."

—"SAVORING PIE TOWN," PAGE 72

DETAIL: RUSSELL LEE / LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

FSA photographer Russell Lee was sent to Pie Town, New Mexico (a barbecue at a fair, 1940), to document how the Depression had affected rural America.

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# Trouble Spots

*Two of our writers get into the thick of things in Uganda and Afghanistan* ~ BY CAREY WINFREY

Raffaele: Haunted by Uganda's crisis

PAUL RAFFAELE SAYS that reporting the story of a rebel, cult army that abducts children ("Uganda: The Horror," p. 90) was the most profoundly disturbing assignment of his long journalism career. And that includes covering the Khmer Rouge killing fields in Cambodia and the Indonesian occupation of East Timor. "Every day for the better part of a month," Raffaele says, "I sat with children in [the northern Uganda town of] Gulu and listened to their stories. They were so horrific that I began to have nightmares every night about the Lord's Resistance Army, as the cult calls itself." Only when he returned home to Sydney, Australia, did the nightmares subside. Then, preparing to write, Raffaele began reviewing tapes he had made of his interviews with the children. The nightmares returned. "If listening to the stories caused such a severe reaction," he says, "I can't begin to imagine what mental torture the children who were forced to kill their parents or kill other children must be experiencing." We agree with Raffaele that it's a profoundly disturbing story. For just that reason it is profoundly important that it be told.

Constable: Blissfully unaware of Super Bowl shenanigans

WORKING AS A REPORTER in Afghanistan, says Pamela Constable, who was based there for nearly three years for the *Washington Post* and reflects upon that experience for SMITHSONIAN ("Assignment Afghanistan," p. 108), "can give one a unique perspective." To wit: Constable was visiting a remote village where there was no bathroom or shower and the only place to sleep was on the floor of a police station. She was interviewing local poppy farmers and high-school teachers when she got a call on her portable satellite phone from a radio station in the United States. The caller wanted to ask her about the then-raging debate over whether women singers should be shown on Afghan television and how much of their heads female newscasters should cover with veils. "Then the radio interviewer asked me if I wanted to comment on the Janet Jackson and Justin Timberlake story. I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about. When she explained what had happened at the Super Bowl, I burst out laughing. In Afghanistan, where women were taking baby steps to challenge the forces of fundamentalism by letting an inch of hair show on TV—and where 25 million people were struggling to overcome decades of war and drought and desperate poverty—the Super Bowl seemed very, very far away."

FOR AN ARTICLE about the end of World War II, we are inviting readers to tell us, in 250 words or less, where you were and how you reacted to the news of August 15, 1945. We also welcome photographs, but please send copies only; we cannot return anything. Mail your entries to MRC 951-C, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013-7012 or e-mail them to WWII@simag.si.edu by May 1, 2005. Our thanks.

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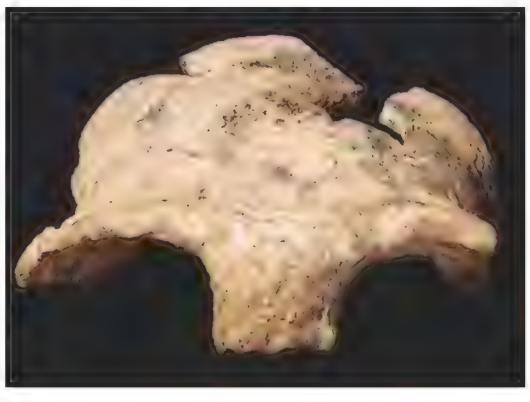
# Our Adaptable Ancestors

*Recent discoveries of skull fragments and tools testify to the resourcefulness of early humans*

IN NOVELS and movies, archaeologists leap over pits, swing from vines and disarm ingenious traps as they gallivant around the world in search of buried treasure. They behave less like scientists than swashbuckling explorers with an old map and a loose grasp of history. But in the summer of 2003, a group of real archaeologists excavating a site in Olorgesailie, Kenya, discovered treasure as exciting as any in fiction. They were pursuing a greater understanding of humanity's ancestors, and their real-life adventure offers us revelations in the epic and evolving story of mankind.

The scientists, affiliated with the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museums of Kenya, uncovered 11 skull fragments belonging to a single, diminutive early hominid about 900,000 years old. The fragments, including a partial cranium, a portion of a brow ridge and pieces of the braincase, help to fill in a 400,000-year gap in the human fossil record in Africa. Studying the fragments and early tools found nearby and, especially, how the landscape and environment of the area changed over time can help the scientists at Olorgesailie and elsewhere determine how early hominids evolved to become today's Homo sapiens.



The finding of an early human brow ridge helps fill a 400,000-year gap.

That new focus has led them to ask why the early hominid is so much smaller than those of a similar age found at sites in Europe and Asia. One hypothesis suggests scarce natural resources are the cause. Because scientists now believe that humans evolved from closely related but noticeably different groups of individuals, the smaller pre-humans may have existed for only a short while or may have eventually been drawn back into the main gene pool. Discoveries of such fossils also provide clues about the behavior of early humans, giving us an appreciation of how our ancestors interacted with plants and animals. For instance, bite marks along the individual's brow ridge imply he met an untimely end from a carnivore. Other discoveries reveal how skilled the early humans were. By studying the stones they used for making hand axes, scientists may match them with existing rock faces, thus deriving how far the early humans traveled. Those at Olorgesailie used mostly rocks they found within a three-mile radius, but some of their tools were made from rocks they found up to 30 miles away.

The Smithsonian's Human Origins Program—an international effort that encompasses four active archaeological sites stretching from East Africa to East Asia—has pioneered the study of how these hand-ax makers adjusted to rapidly changing natural surroundings, giving us a good glimpse of our ancestor, the toolmaker. The scientists' conclusions are made possible by several new excavation techniques they've developed. In the early 20th century, archaeologists typically dug pits, which provided narrow windows into the planet's history. Today, the scientists at Olorgesailie not only dig deeply but also follow a single layer of the fossil record for many miles across the landscape. They want to understand the roots of human adaptability, a new question for science but one of vital importance. Their research has already detailed the environmental conditions early humans faced, how those conditions changed and how early humans adapted.

The resourcefulness of early humans is one reason scientists find so few human fossils from that period. Early humans moved away from their first homes, near watering holes and lowlands. Fossils there are well preserved, but predators such as lions and hyenas posed a constant threat to the hominids. So they moved to higher ground, where fossils are not well preserved, and only went to the lowlands to obtain food and water. As the Olorgesailie scientists begin another season of digging and discovery, they will be looking for further traces of early toolmakers in regions where the lowlands meet the rocky Rift Valley, and they will continue to build on their long-term collection of data about the roots of human interaction with the natural world. Understanding that will help them tell us the complete story of our early ancestors and how they survived.

*Lawrence M. Small*
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

HUGH TALMAN / SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION; R.POTTS AND J. CLARK / HUMAN ORIGINS PROGRAM, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

To generate donations for scholarships that send needy kids to college, Bill Jones relies on his ability to motivate others. To raise thousands of dollars for his church, he calls on his talent at being persuasive. And to get dozens of people to help him organize community programs, he taps into his management skills. With all he does, it's hard to believe Bill Jones is actually retired. Sure, he could have taken a break and relaxed. But Bill Jones learned something even more valuable in the U.S. Marine Corps. He learned that giving back is better than sitting back.

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# LETTERS

*Readers respond to the December issue:*

### OF MOOSE AND MEN

SOME WORDS of advice for Michael Vogel, the fellow who wanted authorities to kill the cow moose that attacked him when he jogged too close to her calf, and who later shot and killed a moose that dared to be in the path of his skis ("Herd on the Street"). Here in New York City, we know how to treat our indigenous, potentially dangerous "wildlife" with respect: never make eye contact, don't provoke them and give them a wide berth—heck, give them whatever they want, so long as you get away unharmed. This approach keeps altercations to a minimum and is far safer than carrying loaded guns (while skiing, yet!). Oh, and by the way, the moose are not in your backyard, you're in theirs.

*PATRICIA M. WHITE*
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

### PECKING ORDER

RICHARD RHODES need not have looked far to solve the "long-standing mystery" of how John James Audubon set up his specimens to draw them, as suggested in the "Birds and Beasts" Editor's Note. His system has, in fact, been common knowledge to Audubon biographers for more than a century. In 1897, Audubon's granddaughter, Maria, published a two-volume set entitled *Audubon and His Journals*. The concluding essay explicitly describes the working methods he used for decades to add lifelike attitudes to both the birds and quadrupeds he rendered with such genius.

*GRANT DINSMORE*
WEXFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

### UNFAIRLY PANNED

IN "PETER PAN TURNS 100," author Norman Allen's summary judgment of playwright J. M. Barrie's work—"Only *Peter Pan* has stood the test of time"—is a bit unfair. Barrie authored some incomparable essays and reminiscences that deserve to be called classics, such as "Mending the Clock." Even if *The Boy David* was a theatrical dud, *The Admirable Crichton*, *Quality Street* and *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* are still worth restaging. Barrie's novella *Farewell, Miss Julie Logan* is a haunting mystery-romance and is worth a read. I think his entire *oeuvre* is ripe for reassessment. Incidentally, the first full-scale American Sign Language adaptation of *Peter Pan* was staged at the National Technical Institute for the Deaf in May 2002. The production featured a deaf cast and voice interpreters as fairies.

*LINDA LEVITAN*
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

### WEED WHACKING

AS A SCIENTIST working on controlling invasive weeds, I was delighted to see "Wicked Weed of the West." Invasive species are an increasing threat to our environment and economy, and deserve more of our attention. The research by Drs. Callaway, Vivanco and Pearson has raised interesting new perspectives on the problem of spotted knapweed in the West, but unfortunately it has not yet revealed any new practical way to eradicate these weeds. Classical biological control, using specialized arthropods or pathogens, remains the best available option to manage invasive alien weeds once they have become widespread. Introduced insects are already successfully controlling diffuse knapweed (a close relative of spotted knapweed) in at least four states and Canada. While spotted knapweed is more difficult to control because it is a perennial, it is now decreasing in the Bitterroot Valley of Montana. None of the introduced insects have attacked nontarget plants. The indirect effect of field mice eating insect larvae (a drawback cited in the article) should vanish as the weed population decreases.

*LINCOLN SMITH*
USDA, AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH SERVICE
ALBANY, CALIFORNIA

IN OUR REMOTE small community on the Salmon River in Northern California, we've come up with a "not-so-secret weapon" to halt the invasion of spotted knapweed dead in its tracks. Through the volunteer and paid efforts of our watershed and fisheries restoration program, our community is successfully eradicating this aggressive noxious weed with our hands. Using customized digging tools, we've reduced spotted knapweed populations by more than 90 percent throughout our half-a-million-acre watershed.

*PETEY BRUCKER*
SALMON RIVER RESTORATION COUNCIL
SAWYERS BAR, CALIFORNIA

ONE GOOD THING that comes from spotted knapweed, known as star thistle to a beekeeper, is a delicious light-colored honey. The beekeepers here in northern Michigan depend on the plant as a main source of nectar to produce honey. We may be the only people in agriculture who benefit from this plant, but all of agriculture benefits from the presence of the honeybee.

*GREG GRISWOLD*
BEULAH, MICHIGAN

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## VYTORIN™ (ezetimibe/simvastatin) Tablets

### Patient Information about VYTORIN (VI-tor-in)
Generic name: ezetimibe/simvastatin tablets

Read this information carefully before you start taking VYTORIN. Review this information each time you refill your prescription for VYTORIN as there may be new information. This information does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your medical condition or your treatment. If you have any questions about VYTORIN, ask your doctor. Only your doctor can determine if VYTORIN is right for you.

**What is VYTORIN?**

VYTORIN is a medicine used to lower levels of total cholesterol, LDL (bad) cholesterol, and fatty substances called triglycerides in the blood. In addition, VYTORIN raises levels of HDL (good) cholesterol. It is used for patients who cannot control their cholesterol levels by diet alone. You should stay on a cholesterol-lowering diet while taking this medicine.

VYTORIN works to reduce your cholesterol in two ways. It reduces the cholesterol absorbed in your digestive tract, as well as the cholesterol your body makes by itself. VYTORIN does not help you lose weight.

**Who should not take VYTORIN?**

Do not take VYTORIN:

- If you are allergic to ezetimibe or simvastatin, the active ingredients in VYTORIN, or to the inactive ingredients. For a list of inactive ingredients, see the "Inactive ingredients" section at the end of this information sheet.
- If you have active liver disease or repeated blood tests indicating possible liver problems.
- If you are pregnant, or think you may be pregnant, or planning to become pregnant or breast-feeding.

VYTORIN is not recommended for use in children under 10 years of age.

**What should I tell my doctor before and while taking VYTORIN?**

**Tell your doctor right away if you experience unexplained muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness. This is because on rare occasions, muscle problems can be serious, including muscle break-down resulting in kidney damage.**

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater at higher doses of VYTORIN.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems.

Taking VYTORIN with certain substances can increase the risk of muscle problems. It is particularly important to tell your doctor if you are taking any of the following:

- cyclosporine
- danazol
- antifungal agents (such as itraconazole or ketoconazole)
- fibric acid derivatives (such as gemfibrozil, bezafibrate, or fenofibrate)
- the antibiotics erythromycin, clarithromycin, and telithromycin
- HIV protease inhibitors (such as indinavir, nelfinavir, ritonavir, and saquinavir)
- the antidepressant nefazodone
- amiodarone (a drug used to treat an irregular heartbeat)
- verapamil (a drug used to treat high blood pressure, chest pain associated with heart disease, or other heart conditions)
- large doses (≥1 g/day) of niacin or nicotinic acid
- large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily)

It is also important to tell your doctor if you are taking coumarin anticoagulants (drugs that prevent blood clots, such as warfarin).

Tell your doctor about any prescription and nonprescription medicines you are taking or plan to take, including natural or herbal remedies.

Tell your doctor about all your medical conditions including allergies.

Tell your doctor if you:

- drink substantial quantities of alcohol or ever had liver problems. VYTORIN may not be right for you.
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. Do not use VYTORIN if you are pregnant, trying to become pregnant or suspect that you are pregnant. If you become pregnant while taking VYTORIN, stop taking it and contact your doctor immediately.
- are breast-feeding. Do not use VYTORIN if you are breast-feeding.

Tell other doctors prescribing a new medication that you are taking VYTORIN.

**How should I take VYTORIN?**

- Take VYTORIN once a day, in the evening, with or without food.
- Try to take VYTORIN as prescribed. If you miss a dose, do not take an extra dose. Just resume your usual schedule.
- Continue to follow a cholesterol-lowering diet while taking VYTORIN. Ask your doctor if you need diet information.
- Keep taking VYTORIN unless your doctor tells you to stop. If you stop taking VYTORIN, your cholesterol may rise again.

**What should I do in case of an overdose?**

Contact your doctor immediately.

**What are the possible side effects of VYTORIN?**

See your doctor regularly to check your cholesterol level and to check for side effects. Your doctor may do blood tests to check your liver before you start taking VYTORIN and during treatment.

In clinical studies patients reported the following common side effects while taking VYTORIN: headache and muscle pain (see What should I tell my doctor before and while taking VYTORIN?).

The following side effects have been reported in general use with either ezetimibe or simvastatin tablets (tablets that contain the active ingredients of VYTORIN):

- allergic reactions including swelling of the face, lips, tongue, and/or throat that may cause difficulty in breathing or swallowing (which may require treatment right away), and rash; alterations in some laboratory blood tests; liver problems; inflammation of the pancreas; nausea; gallstones; inflammation of the gallbladder.

Tell your doctor if you are having these or any other medical problems while on VYTORIN. This is <u>not</u> a complete list of side effects. For a complete list, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

**General Information about VYTORIN**

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for conditions that are not mentioned in patient information leaflets. Do not use VYTORIN for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give VYTORIN to other people, even if they have the same condition you have. It may harm them.

This summarizes the most important information about VYTORIN. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your pharmacist or doctor for information about VYTORIN that is written for health professionals. For additional information, visit the following web site: vytorin.com.

**Inactive ingredients:**
Butylated hydroxyanisole NF, citric acid monohydrate USP, croscarmellose sodium NF, hydroxypropyl methyl-cellulose USP, lactose monohydrate NF, magnesium stearate NF, microcrystalline cellulose NF, and propyl gallate NF.

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### "IT'S CAMELOT IN THE DESERT"

*January 2001, p. 84*

Imported from Asia, camels were indispensable to early Australian explorers, serving as the jeeps and trucks of the 19th and early-20th centuries. With the advent of the internal combustion engine, the camels were turned loose, and now Australia boasts a population of about 400,000 wild dromedaries. Writer Derek Grzelewski joined a month-long camel-trekking trip deep into the Australian Outback and gained profound admiration for these large "ships of the desert."

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# February 1970

# THE YEAR WE WERE BORN

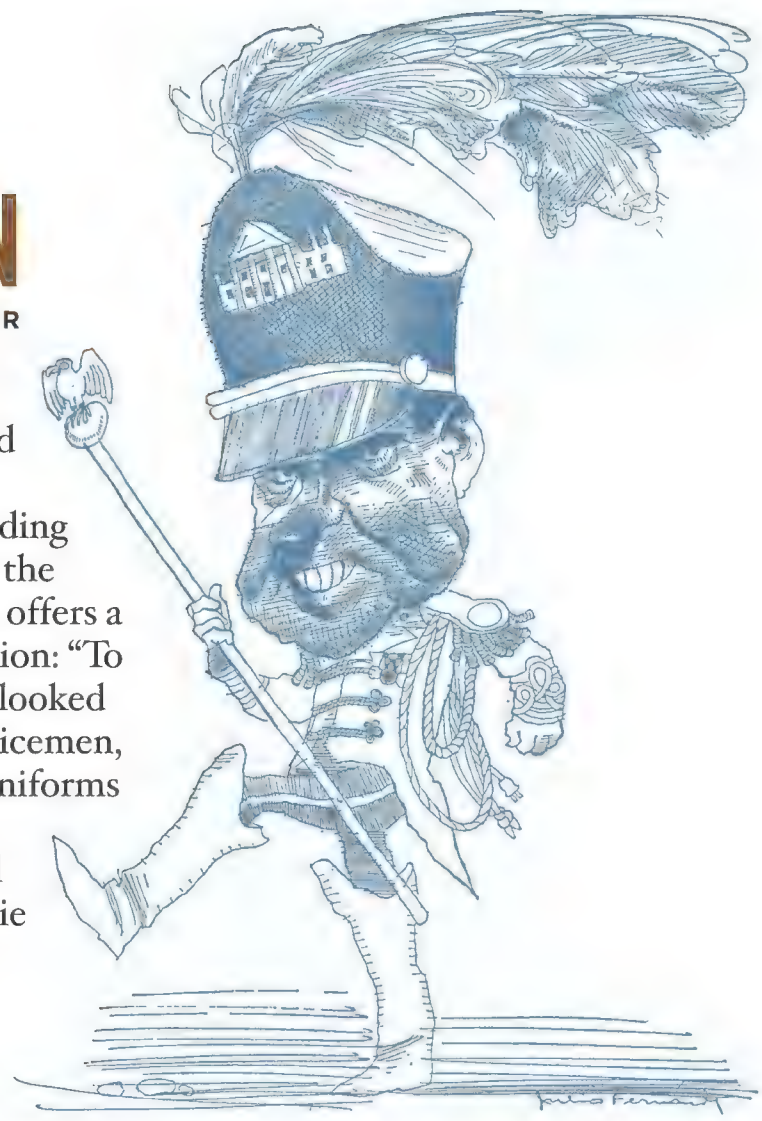
A LOOK BACK AT THE WORLD IN *SMITHSONIAN* MAGAZINE'S FIRST YEAR

## WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

### JOE FRAZIER

1970 WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

ON FEBRUARY 16, 1970, "Smokin' Joe" Frazier becomes World Heavyweight Champion with a fifth-round knockout over Jimmy Ellis at Madison Square Garden. Frazier calls the Ellis match "one of the easiest I ever had." Because Ellis had been bumped up from middleweight to heavyweight, Frazier jokes, "I was the 18-wheeler and he was the Volkswagen." Frazier's win paved the way for his victorious "Fight of the Century" against Muhammad Ali the next year, also at Madison Square Garden. "I told Ali, 'Bring your lunch, because you're going to need it,'" recalls Frazier, now 61 and owner of Joe Frazier's Gym in North Philadelphia. He encourages both young men and women to box, pointing out that his gym is "full of ladies." (Frazier's daughter Jacqui "Sister Smoke" Frazier-Lyde fought Muhammad Ali's daughter Laila Ali in a bout on June 8, 2001. Ali won in a decision.) Frazier likes to patrol the gym floor every day. "I make sure the game is safe," he says. "I teach them to slow it down."



New uniforms are introduced this month for the White House police. Under the heading "Ruritania on the Potomac," the *New York Times* of February 1 offers a roundup of the media's reaction: "To the *Washington Star,* the men looked like West German traffic policemen, the *Detroit News* found the uniforms 'unusual but ghastly,' while the *Buffalo Evening News* said 'even ushers at old-time movie palaces were garbed with greater restraint and better taste.'" Nixon scraps the look shortly thereafter.

## IN THE NEWS

Army doctor Jeffrey MacDonald's wife and two children are murdered February 17. His conviction for the crime nine years later inspires *Fatal Vision*, a 1983 bestseller by Joe McGinniss that spawns a TV miniseries and legal appeals that continue to this day.

National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger jets to Paris for secret peace talks with North Vietnam's counselor to the Hanoi delegation, Le Duc Tho, on February 21. They sign a cease-fire agreement three years later.

The American Motors Corporation touts its new Gremlin (unveiled February 12) as "a major turning point for the American automobile industry." It is discontinued in 1976.

### THE LIST: BESTSELLERS (FICTION)

**1. The Godfather 2. The French Lieutenant's Woman 3. The House on the Strand 4. The Inheritors 5. Puppet on a Chain 6. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight 7. Fire from Heaven 8. Travels With My Aunt 9. In This House of Brede 10. The Seven Minutes**

### COMINGS & GOINGS

**DIED:** Bertrand Russell, 97, philosopher, Feb. 2

**DIED:** Mark Rothko, 66, artist, Feb. 25

"I don't know about marriage as an institution. It seems to me that it must be something you work out for yourself, and I wish society would put less pressure on people, you know, to get married."—**ACTRESS VANESSA REDGRAVE,** MOTHER OF A CHILD OUT OF WEDLOCK WITH ITALIAN ACTOR FRANCO NERO, IN THE FEBRUARY 1 *NEW YORK TIMES*

*CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BETTMANN / CORBIS; JULIO FERNANDEZ LARRAZ / MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, NEW YORK; BETTMANN / CORBIS; DAIMLERCHRYSLER HISTORICAL COLLECTION; HULTON ARCHIVE/ GETTY IMAGES; HULTON ARCHIVE / GETTY IMAGES; BEN MARTIN / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES; AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; MARK LENNIHAN / AP PHOTO*

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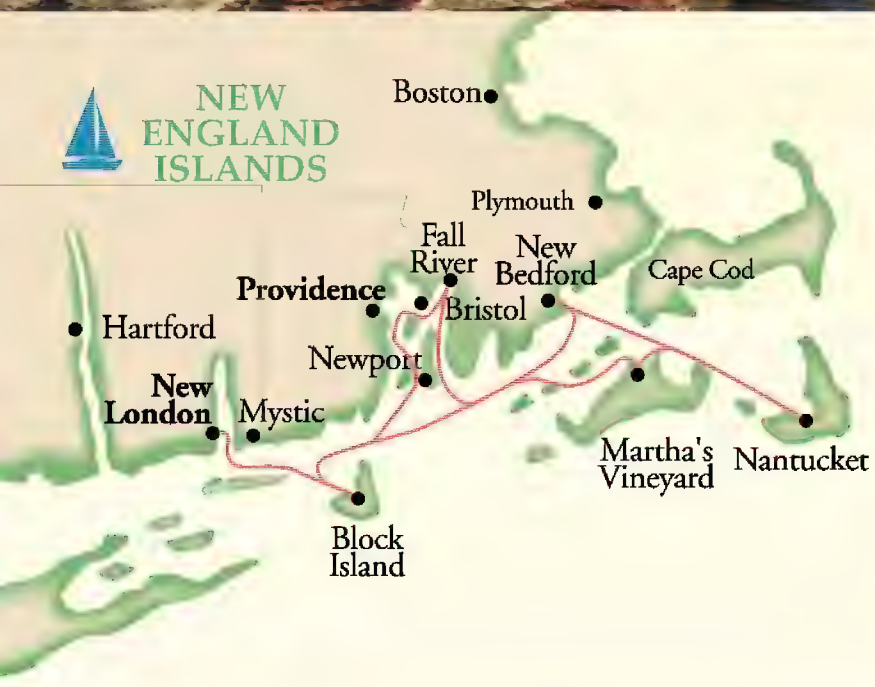


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# Down in Mississippi

*The shooting of protester James Meredith 38 years ago, searingly documented by a rookie photographer, galvanized the civil rights movement* – BY CAROLYN KLEINER BUTLER

ONE SWELTERING MORNING in June 1966, James Meredith set out from Memphis with an African walking stick in one hand, a Bible in the other and a singular mission in mind. The 32-year-old Air Force veteran and Columbia University law student planned to march 220 miles to the Mississippi state capital of Jackson, to prove that a black man could walk free in the South. The Voting Rights Act had been passed only the year before, and his goal was to inspire African-Americans to register and go to the polls. "I was at war against fear," he recalls. "I was fighting for full citizenship for me and my kind."

It wasn't the first time Meredith had charged into hostile territory all but alone. Four years earlier, he'd become the first black person to enroll at the University of Mississippi, in Oxford, despite vehement protests from Gov. Ross Barnett and campus riots that left 2 people dead and more than 160 wounded, including dozens of federal marshals. When Meredith graduated from Ole Miss in 1963, he wore a segregationist's "Never" button upside down on his black gown.

On the second day of his self-described "walk against fear," a handful of reporters, photographers and law enforcement officials awaited his arrival in the late afternoon heat near Hernando, Mississippi. Jack Thornell, a 26-year-old cub photographer for the Associated Press in New Orleans, was sitting in a parked car along with a colleague from arch-rival United Press International, waiting for a *Life* photographer

AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The "dastardly shooting," Martin Luther King Jr. said at the time, shows that "a cancerous social illness continues to plague our society."

## Meredith, still fiery, defends himself, saying he was "monitoring the enemy."

"It was like reliving history," Thornell (with Meredith in Jackson last December) says of their reunion. Meredith says the Thornell photograph has helped sustain his image.

to bring them Cokes, when Meredith and a few followers came into view.

All of a sudden, a man started shouting, "I just want James Meredith!" Shotgun blasts rang out across the highway, striking Meredith in the head, neck, back and legs. Thornell jumped out of the vehicle and started clicking away, taking two rolls of pictures with his pair of cameras. He then drove back to Memphis in a panic, convinced he would be fired for failing to photograph both the assailant and the victim. Meanwhile, minutes passed before an ambulance reached Meredith, who lay in the road alone. "Isn't anyone going to help me?" he remembers shouting.

Of the many photographs that Thornell made of the incident, one shows the fallen man on dusty Highway 51 screaming in agony. It was published in newspapers and magazines nationwide and went on to win a Pulitzer Prize. The image suggests the very pain and frustration of being black in the Deep South of the 1960s. "When people saw scenes like this in newspapers and on TV—when they saw what was actually happening down South—they couldn't believe it," says Thornell, who is 65 and retired and lives in Metairie, Louisiana. He says his one lasting regret about that day four decades ago is that he didn't put his camera down to help the wounded Meredith.

As it happens, Thornell took one picture of the incident in which the gunman can be seen. But it wasn't needed for evidence. An unemployed hardware clerk from Memphis named Aubrey James Norvell was apprehended at the scene of the shooting and pleaded guilty before the case went to trial. He served 18 months of a five-year prison sentence, then all but dropped out of sight. Now 79, Norvell lives in Memphis. He declined to discuss the past.

After Meredith was shot, civil rights leaders gathered in his hospital room, among them Martin Luther King Jr., Stokely Carmichael and Floyd McKissick. The civil rights movement had lately been strained by internal dissent, with leaders such as King calling for nonviolence and integration and others such as Carmichael promoting a more radical black power stance. But for now the leaders put aside their differences to carry on Meredith's pilgrimage.

While Meredith recuperated from his wounds, scores of people gathered in Hernando to resume what was now called the "Meredith March." Led by King, Carmichael and McKissick, the marchers walked for nearly three weeks, helping to register thousands of African-American voters along the way. Meredith himself rejoined the pilgrimage on June 26, its final day, as some 12,000 triumphant protesters entered Jackson surrounded by cheering crowds. Looking back, he says he was inspired by people on both sides of the color divide. "You can't forget that whites in the South were as unfree as any black," he explains. "White supremacy was official and legal—it was enforced by judges and the law people—and a white that failed to acknowledge and carry out the mandate of white supremacy was as subject to persecution as any black."

Meredith would graduate from Columbia law school, run (unsuccessfully) for Congress in New York and Mississippi, and work as a stockbroker, professor and writer. Then, in the late 1980s, the former civil rights icon shocked many admirers when he joined the staff of the ultraconservative North Carolina senator Jesse Helms and endorsed former Ku Klux Klan leader David Duke's campaign to become governor of Louisiana. Meredith, still fiery at 71, defends those choices, saying he was "monitoring the enemy." Married with five children and five grandchildren, Meredith lives in Jackson and still occasionally addresses groups on civil rights issues.

"He helped make significant strides in the overall struggle for civil and human rights, and none of that is diminished by what happened later," says Horace Huntley, director of the Oral History Project at the Birmingham Civil Rights Institute, in Alabama. "Those accomplishments are etched in stone."

*CAROLYN KLEINER BUTLER is a contributing editor at* U.S. News & World Report.

BARBARA GAUNTT

Cialis is not for everyone. If you take nitrates, often used for chest pain (also known as angina), or alpha-blockers (other than Flomax 0.4 mg once daily), prescribed for prostate problems or high blood pressure, do not take Cialis. Such combinations could cause a sudden, unsafe drop in blood pressure. Don't drink alcohol in excess (to a level of intoxication) with Cialis. This combination may increase your chances of getting dizzy or lowering your blood pressure. Cialis does not protect a man or his partner from sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV.

The most common side effects with Cialis were headache and upset stomach. Backache and muscle ache were also reported, sometimes with delayed onset. Most men weren't bothered by the side effects enough to stop taking Cialis. Although a rare occurrence, men who experience an erection for more than 4 hours (priapism) should seek immediate medical attention. Discuss your medical conditions and medications with your doctor to ensure Cialis is right for you and that you are healthy enough for sexual activity.

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# Patient Information

Read the Patient Information about CIALIS before you start taking it and again each time you get a refill. There may be new information. You may also find it helpful to share this information with your partner. This leaflet does not take the place of talking with your doctor. You and your doctor should talk about CIALIS when you start taking it and at regular checkups. If you do not understand the information, or have questions, talk with your doctor or pharmacist.

**What important information should you know about CIALIS?**

**CIALIS can cause your blood pressure to drop suddenly to an unsafe level if it is taken with certain other medicines.** You could get dizzy, faint, or have a heart attack or stroke.

**Do not take CIALIS if you:**

- **take any medicines called "nitrates."**
- **use recreational drugs called "poppers" like amyl nitrate and butyl nitrate.**
- **take medicines called alpha blockers, other than Flomax® (tamsulosin HCl) 0.4 mg daily.**

(See "Who should not take CIALIS?")

**Tell all your healthcare providers that you take CIALIS.** If you need emergency medical care for a heart problem, it will be important for your healthcare provider to know when you last took CIALIS.

**After taking a single tablet, some of the active ingredient of CIALIS remains in your body for more than 2 days.** The active ingredient can remain longer if you have problems with your kidneys or liver, or you are taking certain other medications (see "Can other medications affect CIALIS?").

**What is CIALIS?**

CIALIS is a prescription medicine taken by mouth for the treatment of erectile dysfunction (ED) in men.

ED is a condition where the penis does not harden and expand when a man is sexually excited, or when he cannot keep an erection. A man who has trouble getting or keeping an erection should see his doctor for help if the condition bothers him. CIALIS may help a man with ED get and keep an erection when he is sexually excited.

**CIALIS does not:**

- cure ED
- increase a man's sexual desire
- protect a man or his partner from sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV. Speak to your doctor about ways to guard against sexually transmitted diseases.
- serve as a male form of birth control

CIALIS is only for men with ED. CIALIS is not for women or children. CIALIS must be used only under a doctor's care.

**How does CIALIS work?**

When a man is sexually stimulated, his body's normal physical response is to increase blood flow to his penis. This results in an erection. CIALIS helps increase blood flow to the penis and may help men with ED get and keep an erection satisfactory for sexual activity. Once a man has completed sexual activity, blood flow to his penis decreases, and his erection goes away.

**Who can take CIALIS?**

Talk to your doctor to decide if CIALIS is right for you.

CIALIS has been shown to be effective in men over the age of 18 years who have erectile dysfunction, including men with diabetes or who have undergone prostatectomy.

**Who should not take CIALIS?**

Do **not** take CIALIS if you:

- **take any medicines called "nitrates"** (See "What important information should you know about CIALIS?"). Nitrates are commonly used to treat angina. Angina is a symptom of heart disease and can cause pain in your chest, jaw, or down your arm.

  Medicines called nitrates include nitroglycerin that is found in tablets, sprays, ointments, pastes, or patches. Nitrates can also be found in other medicines such as isosorbide dinitrate or isosorbide mononitrate. Some recreational drugs called "poppers" also contain nitrates, such as amyl nitrate and butyl nitrate. Do not use CIALIS if you are using these drugs. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if you are not sure if any of your medicines are nitrates.
- **take medicines called "alpha blockers", other than Flomax® 0.4 mg daily.** Alpha blockers are sometimes prescribed for prostate problems or high blood pressure. If CIALIS is taken with alpha blockers other than Flomax® 0.4 mg daily, your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. You could get dizzy and faint.
- **you have been told by your healthcare provider to not have sexual activity because of health problems.** Sexual activity can put an extra strain on your heart, especially if your heart is already weak from a heart attack or heart disease.
- **are allergic to CIALIS or any of its ingredients.** The active ingredient in CIALIS is called tadalafil. See the end of this leaflet for a complete list of ingredients.

**What should you discuss with your doctor before taking CIALIS?**

**Before taking CIALIS, tell your doctor about all your medical problems, including if you:**

- **have heart problems** such as angina, heart failure, irregular heartbeats, or have had a heart attack. Ask your doctor if it is safe for you to have sexual activity.
- **have low blood pressure or** have high blood pressure that is not controlled
- **have had a stroke**
- **have liver problems**
- **have kidney problems or require dialysis**
- **have retinitis pigmentosa,** a rare genetic (runs in families) eye disease
- **have stomach ulcers**
- **have a bleeding problem**
- **have a deformed penis shape** or Peyronie's disease
- **have had an erection that lasted more than 4 hours**
- **have blood cell problems** such as sickle cell anemia, multiple myeloma, or leukemia

**Can other medications affect CIALIS?**

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including prescription and non-prescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. CIALIS and other medicines may affect each other. Always check with your doctor before starting or stopping any medicines. Especially tell your doctor if you take any of the following:

- medicines called nitrates (See "What important information should you know about CIALIS?")
- medicines called alpha blockers. These include Hytrin® (terazosin HCl), Flomax® (tamsulosin HCl), Cardura® (doxazosin mesylate), Minipress® (prazosin HCl) or Uroxatral® (alfuzosin HCl).
- ritonavir (Norvir®) or indinavir (Crixivan®)
- ketoconazole or itraconazole (such as Nizoral® or Sporanox®)
- erythromycin
- other medicines or treatments for ED

**How should you take CIALIS?**

Take CIALIS exactly as your doctor prescribes. CIALIS comes in different doses (5 mg, 10 mg, and 20 mg). For most men, the recommended starting dose is 10 mg. **CIALIS should be taken no more than once a day.** Some men can only take a low dose of CIALIS because of medical conditions or medicines they take. Your doctor will prescribe the dose that is right for you.

- If you have kidney problems, your doctor may start you on a lower dose of CIALIS.
- If you have kidney or liver problems or you are taking certain medications, your doctor may limit your highest dose of CIALIS to 10 mg and may also limit you to one tablet in 48 hours (2 days) or one tablet in 72 hours (3 days).

Take one CIALIS tablet before sexual activity. In some patients, the ability to have sexual activity was improved at 30 minutes after taking CIALIS when compared to a sugar pill. The ability to have sexual activity was improved up to 36 hours after taking CIALIS when compared to a sugar pill. You and your doctor should consider this in deciding when you should take CIALIS prior to sexual activity. Some form of sexual stimulation is needed for an erection to happen with CIALIS. CIALIS may be taken with or without meals.

Do not change your dose of CIALIS without talking to your doctor. Your doctor may lower your dose or raise your dose, depending on how your body reacts to CIALIS.

Do not drink alcohol to excess when taking CIALIS (for example, 5 glasses of wine or 5 shots of whiskey). When taken in excess, alcohol can increase your chances of getting a headache or getting dizzy, increasing your heart rate, or lowering your blood pressure.

If you take too much CIALIS, call your doctor or emergency room right away.

**What are the possible side effects of CIALIS?**

The most common side effects with CIALIS are headache, indigestion, back pain, muscle aches, flushing, and stuffy or runny nose. These side effects usually go away after a few hours. Patients who get back pain and muscle aches usually get it 12 to 24 hours after taking CIALIS. Back pain and muscle aches usually go away by themselves within 48 hours. Call your doctor if you get a side effect that bothers you or one that will not go away.

**CIALIS may uncommonly cause:**

- **an erection that won't go away (priapism).** If you get an erection that lasts more than 4 hours, get medical help right away. Priapism must be treated as soon as possible or lasting damage can happen to your penis including the inability to have erections.
- vision changes, such as seeing a blue tinge to objects or having difficulty telling the difference between the colors blue and green.

These are not all the side effects of CIALIS. For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

**How should CIALIS be stored?**

- Store CIALIS at room temperature between 59° and 86°F (15° and 30°C).
- **Keep CIALIS and all medicines out of the reach of children.**

**General Information about CIALIS:**

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for conditions other than those described in patient information leaflets. Do not use CIALIS for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give CIALIS to other people, even if they have the same symptoms that you have. It may harm them.

This leaflet summarizes the most important information about CIALIS. If you would like more information, talk with your healthcare provider. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about CIALIS that is written for health professionals.

For more information you can also visit www.cialis.com, or call 1-877-242-5471.

**What are the ingredients of CIALIS?**

**Active Ingredient:** tadalafil

**Inactive Ingredients:** croscarmellose sodium, hydroxypropyl cellulose, hypromellose, iron oxide, lactose monohydrate, magnesium stearate, microcrystalline cellulose, sodium lauryl sulfate, talc, titanium dioxide, and triacetin.

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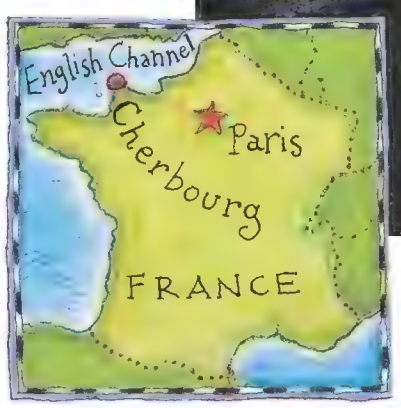
# Civil Service

*Nearly 150 years after their celebrated battle far from home, a Union ship and its Confederate foe are remembered in France* ~ BY DAN CARLINSKY

IN A 19TH-CENTURY hillside cemetery above a bustling port, two weathered stone crosses mark the graves of George Appleby and James King, Confederate seamen who died in a Civil War naval battle on June 19, 1864, seven nautical miles offshore. A few feet away stands a seven-foot-high granite obelisk memorializing William L. Gowen, who died eight days later from injuries received in the same skirmish. Gowen was a Yankee.

It's unusual for Civil War enemies to wind up as next-door neighbors for eternity. But odder still, these graves—and the watery battlefield where the three met their fate—are thousands of miles from Union or Rebel territory. They're in France.

In that contest 140 years ago, the Union sloop USS *Kearsarge* sank the notorious rebel raider CSS *Alabama* in the English Channel just off Cherbourg, on the Normandy coast. In a ceremony there this past September, the Civil War Preservation Trust named Cherbourg, a transatlantic port city that has served U.S.-bound British ships from the *Titanic* to the *Queen Mary 2,* an official site of the American Civil War—the only such site outside the United States. The designation was the latest recognition of the enduring interest in the remarkable battle and especially its loser, the greatest Confederate commerce raider of them all.



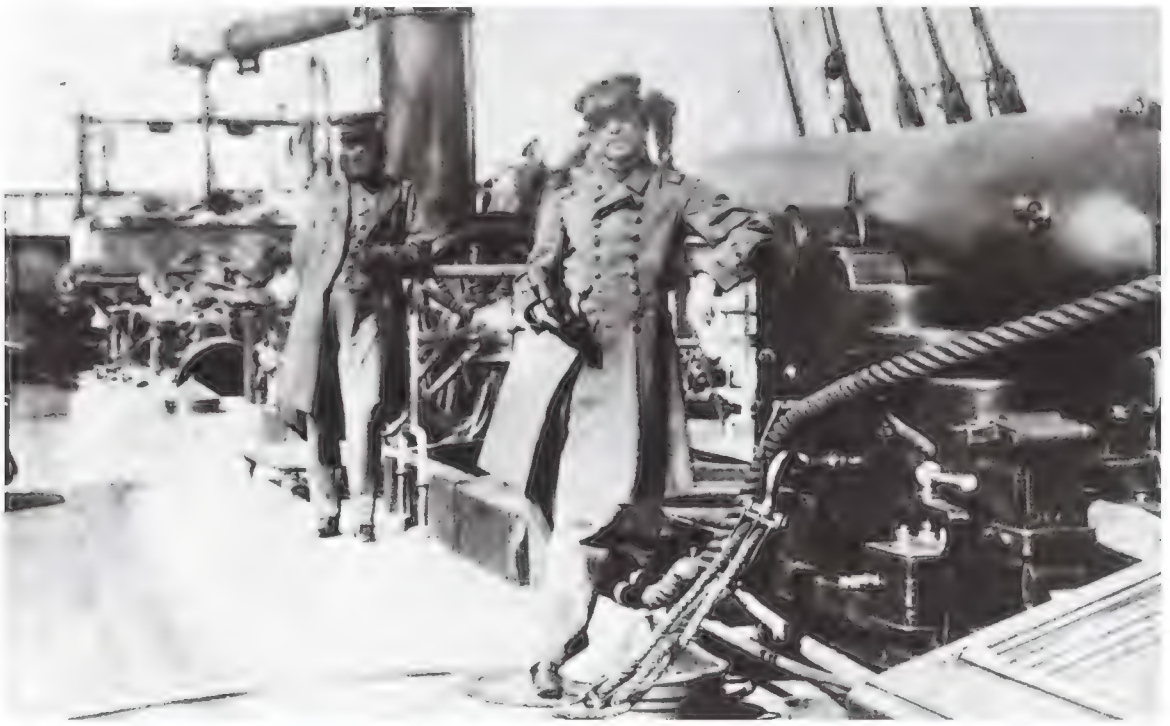

Cherbourg, the only official Civil War site outside the United States, is the final resting place for sailors from both sides.

During the war, disruption of Union commerce became a key part of the Confederacy's strategy. But with Southern ports blockaded, Confederacy leaders looked abroad to assemble a fleet. British merchants, despite their country's official neutrality in the war, favored their cotton-trading partner. While the British government pretended not to notice, the *Alabama* was built and launched in secrecy.

In 1862, at a cost of $250,000, the John Laird Sons shipyard, near Liverpool, produced Hull No. 290, a 220-foot vessel of the finest elm and oak, with a bottom sheathed in copper. She was a hybrid beauty, with three masts of strong but flexible yellow pine and rigging of the best Swedish iron wire as well as twin 300-horsepower, coal-fired steam engines. At the end of July, she was ready for delivery. Not a single armament was on board. Yet.

ERIC SANDER; ELIZABETH WOLF

## "The holes in the poor old *Alabama* were large enough to admit a wheelbarrow."



"My intention is to fight," Captain Semmes (top, right, on the *Alabama* in 1863) relayed to the *Kearsarge*. During the battle, the ships circled each other "like wrestlers."

Spies in and around the yard had tipped off the U.S. consul at Liverpool, but by the time the British authorities were persuaded to issue a confiscation order, No. 290 was gone. Under a British flag and captain, she sailed down the Mersey River, ostensibly for a trial run, with a small crew and a party of men and several women. Lunch and champagne were served, and there was music and dancing, but it was all a ruse. A Confederate agent suddenly offloaded the guests to a waiting tugboat and sent them home.

The new ship went on to Wales, then to the Azores, where she was armed, supplied and outfitted with eight guns, a mostly English crew and a Confederate captain, the flamboyant Raphael Semmes, whose generously waxed handlebar mustache prompted the nickname Old Beeswax. Maryland-born but living in Mobile, Alabama, Semmes, a lawyer and naval officer already famed as a raider captain, named the cruiser for his adopted home state.

The *Alabama* had a brief but stunning career. She savaged the American whaling fleet around the Azores, then prowled the waters from the Caribbean and Brazil to India and Singapore, picking off unprotected ships carrying corn, wheat and lumber from the United States, or whale oil, rice, silk and tea on the return route. She would approach her prey while flying the Stars and Stripes or another decoy flag, then, at the last minute, raise the Confederacy's Stars and Bars, board, take prisoners, confiscate the goods and burn the ship. In 22 months at sea, the *Alabama* seized 64 merchant vessels, destroyed most of them, sank the warship USS *Hatteras* and took 2,000 prisoners, always keeping a step ahead of Union warships in pursuit.

On Saturday, June 11, 1864, the *Alabama* entered the harbor at Cherbourg in search of coal and repairs. Union agents alerted John Winslow, captain of the *Kearsarge*, anchored in Holland. By Tuesday afternoon, the 201-foot, seven-gun *Kearsarge* was stationed off Cherbourg. Cornered, Semmes chose to fight. In a letter to an intermediary, he wrote: "I desire you to say to the U.S. Consul that my intention is to fight the *Kearsarge* as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. . . . I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out." Winslow replied that he had no intention of leaving.

Word of the impending battle spread, and by 8 a.m. Sunday, high spots around Cherbourg were "completely covered with people," according to a newspaper account at the time. About 15,000 spectators and journalists took up positions. Some headed out in small boats, hoping to see the action close up.

At 10:20, the *Alabama* left port with an armed French escort, there to ensure that France's three-mile boundary was not breached. To make sure Semmes couldn't slip back into French waters, Winslow headed the *Kearsarge* out to sea, and the *Alabama* followed. Several miles offshore, the Union sloop wheeled and steamed back in. The *Alabama* opened fire. The two ships exchanged several broadsides, then circled each other seven times in a nautical ballet, stopped and "took each other's measure like wrestlers," a spectator wrote. More shot and shell. Some of the *Alabama*'s powder, long in storage, was too old and damp to perform. Equally important, the *Kearsarge* wore

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## "It's strange that the victor gets less interest than the ship that went down."

Descendants of both captains "got along very well," says recovery project volunteer Ulane Bonnel, with Oliver Semmes, great-great-grandson of the *Alabama*'s captain.

a sort of bulletproof vest: a wall of thick anchor chains draped over each side and camouflaged with wooden planks.

Semmes, his right arm hit and bleeding and his ship crippled, tried to break for the Cherbourg coast, but as an officer later recalled, "the holes in the side of the poor old *Alabama* were large enough to admit a wheelbarrow." Stern-first, the *Alabama* started to sink. After little more than an hour, the fight was over. The *Kearsarge* picked up most of the survivors, but an English yacht, the *Deerhound*, spirited Semmes and 41 others—about a quarter of the *Alabama* crew—to safety in England.

The sinking of the *Alabama* boosted morale for the North. But some say its effect on the war was minor. "It was little more than a symbolic victory," says William Marvel, author of the 1996 history *The Alabama and the Kearsarge*. "There were still other raiders preying on Union ships and the deteriorating *Alabama* had already done its most serious damage to U.S. trade."

After the war, when the United States demanded reparations from Britain for failing to enforce its commitment to neutrality, the *Alabama* was the main cause for complaint. The two countries submitted to arbitration by a five-nation tribunal—a precedent that would help point the way to the founding 70 years later of the International Court of Justice at The Hague. In 1872, the United States won $15.5 million in damages.

IN NOVEMBER 1984, a French minesweeper on a training run in the Channel discovered the wreck of the *Alabama* on the ocean floor nearly 200 feet down. Under international law, the remains belong to the United States, as successor to the Confederacy. But France's waters now extend to 12 miles, so the wreck lies in French territory. It took five years to forge a binational agreement for underwater archaeological exploration of the site. In 1999, after a decade of French benefactors, the project received Department of Defense funds to cover most expenses for diving and conservation—about $652,000 to date.

The English Channel is a challenge for underwater archaeologists. "Tidal currents are three to four knots," says Ulane Bonnel, a Texan living in Paris since 1947 and a former president of the French Commission for Maritime History, who is the volunteer spark behind the recovery project. "At that depth the water is extremely cold. Our divers can only work two or three weeks a year, and only for the half-hour or so each day when tides are gentlest." In more than 1,000 dives, nearly 300 items have been recovered, many astonishingly intact. Among them: dishes and glassware, a sailor's meerschaum pipe still smelling of tobacco, and hand-pumped flush toilets with brass fittings and English country scenes painted on their porcelain bowls. The final dives for the recovery project are scheduled for this summer.

The prize so far is a 3.5-ton Blakely cannon still attached to its pivoting bed and still loaded when retrieved; it greets visitors in the lobby of the Cité de la Mer, Cherbourg's new waterside maritime museum. When officials gathered around the cannon last September for the Civil War dedication, Oliver Semmes, a great-great-grandson of the captain, was among the honored guests. "It's strange that 140 years later the victor gets less interest than the ship that went down," he says. "But the *Alabama* had quite a record."

Other objects recovered from the the raider are on display at the Museum of Mobile in Alabama and at the Naval Historical Center at the Navy Yard in Washington, D.C. Also at the Navy Yard are objects from the *Kearsarge*, removed in a refit 20 years before it wrecked off the coast of Central America in 1894.

Bonnel says she once assembled descendants of both captains to watch a documentary film about the ships and the recovery work. "You know," she says, "they all got along very well."

*DAN CARLINSKY writes books and magazine articles. He lives in Connecticut.*

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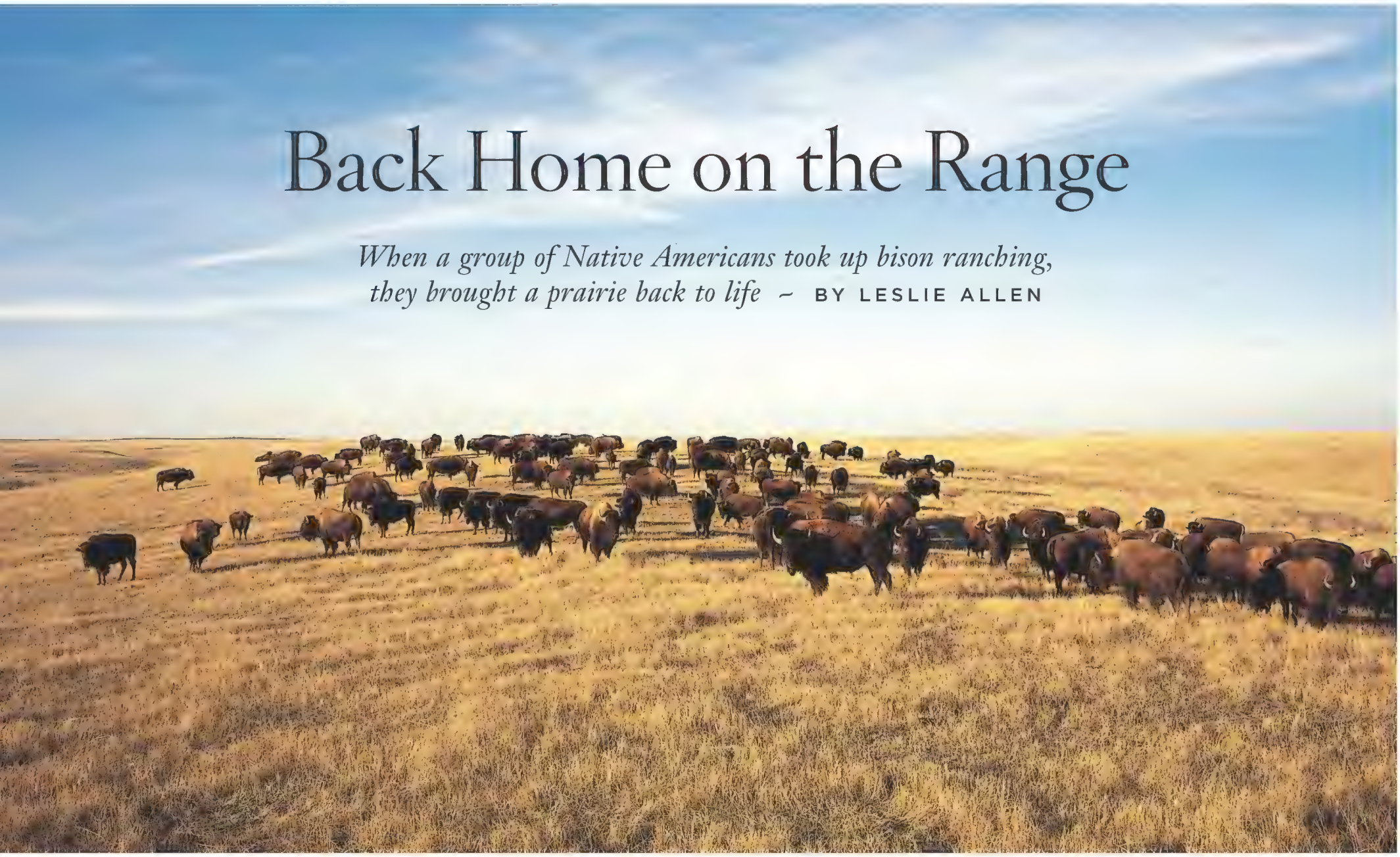
# Back Home on the Range

*When a group of Native Americans took up bison ranching, they brought a prairie back to life* ~ BY LESLIE ALLEN



Bison do roam, up to tens of miles per day. Their ranging and even wallowing habits can shape plant and animal life on the prairie.

A BISON'S DEATH "is now such an event that it is immediately chronicled by the Associated Press and telegraphed all over the country," conservationist William T. Hornaday wrote in 1889. Fifty years earlier, bison by the tens of millions had ranged across North America in herds so vast that observers compared them to roaring avalanches, grand armies and thunder. But even then, overhunting, loss of prairie habitat and diseases spread by domesticated cattle were ravaging the species. By the time Hornaday organized the American Bison Society in 1905, one of the nation's first environmental organizations, only a few hundred of the animals remained.

A century after the society began working to save the species from extinction, bison are an environmental success story. Numbers are up to around 400,000 across North America, mostly on private ranches. Now a new generation of advocates wants to restore the prairie habitat that bison once dominated. Some, including Plains Indians, whose tribes were almost wiped out along with the bison, also hope to restore a way of life the animal represented.

For centuries, many Great Plains tribes had depended almost entirely on bison (known commonly as buffalo, although they're not related to true buffalo species in Asia and Africa) for food, shelter, clothing and other needs. These Indians counted more than 100 uses for bison parts, from paintbrushes from fibrous hump bones to ladles from horns. According to the tribes' spiritual beliefs, bison sacrificed their lives to sustain the first people.

"We have to restore the buffalo if we are going to survive as a culture," says Fred DuBray, executive director of the InterTribal Bison Cooperative, in Rapid City, South Dakota, which he helped start in 1990 with five member tribes. Now 53 tribes in 18 states manage 15,000 head of bison.

DuBray's tribe, the Cheyenne River Sioux of north central South Dakota, occupies a 2,820,000-acre reservation that sprawls across two of the state's poorest counties. In the late 1990s, the tribal council purchased a 21,500-acre cattle ranch called the VE, which DuBray convinced the council to turn over to bison. He argued that bison would provide the reservation, where Type 2 diabetes is rife, with low-fat, low-cholesterol protein. But the glint in DuBray's piercing green eyes came from the idea of establishing a vast prairie park of native plants and animals.

GLENN OAKLEY

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# They stare at us. Around bison, you stay in your vehicle.

Many scientists agree with DuBray that prairies and bison are inextricably linked. Historically, the animal's grazing and ranging habits helped determine which species populated the North American grassland. Replicating historical conditions, as some researchers and conservationists have tried to do, has been hard because most native prairie is long gone.

THOUGH OVERGRAZED when the Cheyenne River Sioux bought it, the VE Ranch boasted an abundance of hardy native plants—western wheatgrass, needle and thread, sagewort—and few of the exotic plants like leafy spurge that plague Plains ranches. The tribe took down internal fences, let the land rest for a three-year spell and released more than 2,000 bison onto its gently rolling hills in 2002.

Joanna Murray, a wildlife biologist, takes me in search of bison on the VE Ranch. As we veer off the old ranch road and start lurching cross-country, she cautions me not to think of these animals as cattle, which have been bred for docility for some 10,000 years. "Bison just roam freely," she calls out over the rattle of the pickup's suspension. They spend less time grazing than cattle do and, she adds, "they're rarely in one spot two days in a row."

As we drive slowly into a formidable herd, the muscular animals stand their ground. Moving only slightly to allow the pickup through, they form a loose circle and stare steadily at us. Around bison, you stay in your vehicle.

Traditionally, Native Americans would set fires to attract bison, which prefer to graze on burned areas where fresh grasses grow. A drought makes controlled burns risky. But even without fire, bison are furthering the VE Ranch's restoration. The animals rub their horns against saplings, stunting tree growth. They avoid broad-leaved plants, or forbs, which then thrive in grazed areas. Pronghorn antelopes eat the forbs bison leave behind. And bison wallows can hold rainwater for other wildlife.

In their quest to restore prairie habitat, the Cheyenne River Sioux are maintaining colonies of black-tailed prairie dogs, which cattle ranchers revile as a scourge that nibbles pasture to a nub and digs holes that hobble cattle. But more than 150 grassland species depend on prairie dog "towns." The burrowing owl makes its home in abandoned burrows. Rattlesnakes, swift fox, eagles and hawks prey on prairie dogs, as do black-footed ferrets, the plains' most endangered species. Working with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the tribe released dozens of ferrets onto its lands in 2000.

Bison often gather around prairie dog towns. "Since the dogs constantly clip off grasses, there's always new growth, and it's very nutritious for the bison," Murray explains. Young bison grow faster when they graze in prairie dog towns.

Murray and I spy a herd of distant bison under a cornflower blue sky. A few pronghorn antelope stand motionless in the middle distance, poised to skitter away. Nearby, prairie dogs peer like sentries from atop their burrows, ready to sound an alarm as they watch a hawk wheel overhead.

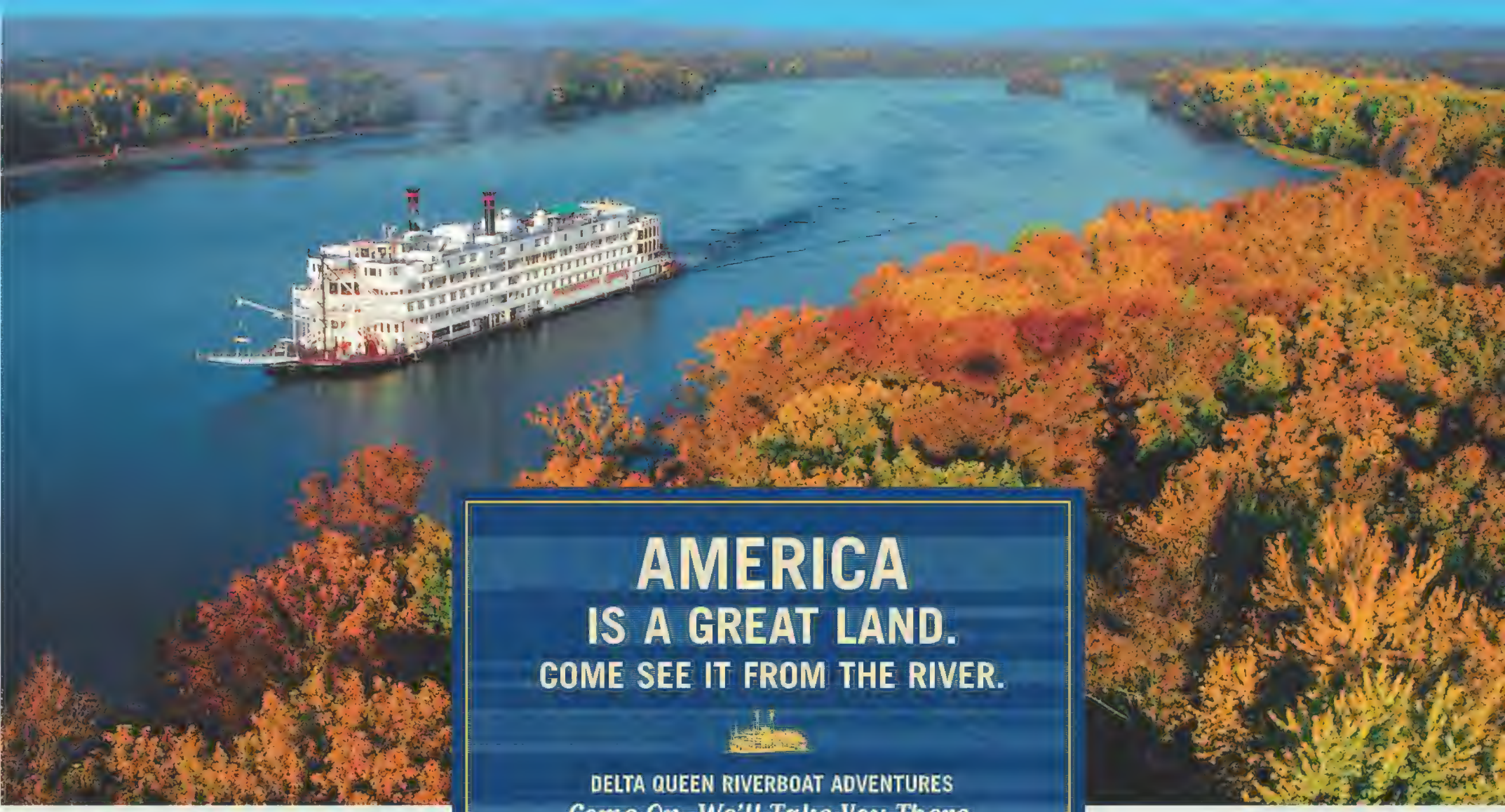
Though the prairie is coming back on the VE Ranch, this venture remains a risky business. Prices for bison and bison meat have been unsteady. (Alone among South Dakota tribes, the Cheyenne River Sioux have forgone income from gambling.) The park won't earn much revenue from tourist admissions until a visitors' center is built, which will take years. And not everyone is pleased.

"On our reservation, it's not Democrats and Republicans, but traditionalists and progressives," says DuBray. Progressives, he says, loathe prairie dogs, believe livestock should be fenced, prefer cattle to bison, and are skeptical of establishing a tribal park to showcase prairie restoration. Traditionalists favor all of those things; DuBray says they are looking to the past for the shape of things to come.

Fred DuBray saw the VE Ranch as his opportunity to return bison to their central place in his tribe's culture and economy. To do so, he's resurrecting native prairie.

GLENN OAKLEY (2)

*LESLIE ALLEN wrote about the Pacific island of Tuvalu in the August 2004 issue.*



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# "A Fine Boy"

*With a little help from a rattlesnake's rattle, Sacagawea gives birth to a baby she names Jean Baptiste*

"We arrived at the fort; and found that one of our interpreter's wives had in our absence made an ADDITION to our number."

*The daughter of a Shoshone chief, Sacagawea was captured as a young girl by a raiding party of Hidatsa and raised by that tribe. At about age 17, she married Toussaint Charbonneau, a trader and fur trapper who acted as an interpreter on the expedition. Two hundred years ago this month, while the corps wintered at Fort Mandan, Sacagawea gave birth to a son, Jean Baptiste.*

February 7, 1805
[Capt. Meriwether Lewis]
The Sergt. of the guard reported that the Indian women (wives to our interpreters) were in the habit of unbaring the fort gate at any time of night and admitting their Indian visitors, I therefore directed a lock to be put to the gate and ordered that no Indian but those attatched to the garrison should be permitted to remain all night within the fort or admitted during the period which the gate had been previously ordered to be kept shut which was from sunset untill sunrise.

February 10 [Sgt. John Ordway]
An Instance happned last evening a little Singular one of our men returning from the Mandans village 2 or 3 young Indians followed him the Gate being Shut in Stead of calling to the Guard he went round back of the Fort and Scaled over. one of the Indians followed him over. Capt. Lewis ordered the Indian away after Giving him a Scolding at the Same time telling him that he was not So much to blame as the white man Setting the example, & Gave him a piece of tobacco & Started him & confined the man for Setting Such a pernicious example to the Savages. to day at 12 oClock he was tried by a court martial. . . . at Sunset the proceedings of The court martial came out the prisoner was Sentenced 50 lashes & laid to the mercy of the commanding officer who was pleased to forgive him the punishment awarded by the court.

Clark carved his name into a sandstone pillar he named for Jean Baptiste.

February 11 [Lewis]
About five oclock this evening one of the wives of Charbono was delivered

ROBERT F. MORGAN, COURTESY OF HEADWATERS CHAPTER, LEWIS AND CLARK TRAIL HERITAGE FOUNDATION; MACDUFF EVERTON / CORBIS

of a fine boy. it is worthy of remark that this was the first child which this woman had boarn and as is common in such cases her labour was tedious and the pain violent; Mr. Jessome informed me that he had freequently administered a small portion of the rattle of the rattle-snake, which he assured me had never failed to produce the desired effect, that of hastening the birth of the child; having the rattle of a snake by me I gave it to him and he administered two rings of it to the woman broken in small pieces with the fingers and added to a small quantity of water. Whether this medicine was truly the cause or not I shall not undertake to determine, but I was informed that she had not taken it more than ten minutes before she brought forth perhaps this remedy may be worthy of future experiments, but I must confess that I [lack] faith as to it's efficacy.

February 15 [Ordway]
About 2 OClock last night the 4 men who dispatched yesterday returned and informed us that they were Stoped about 25 mls. down the River by about 105 of the Souix Savages, they emediately Seized the horses cut [off] the collars (hooping and yelling) jurked the halters from one to another through Several hands. then they jumped on two of them and rode [off] uppon the run, our men with much difficulty kept the Gray mare which had a coalt at the Fort. one of the horses which they took was a fine large Gilding which belong to one of the N.W. Compy. tradors by the name of Mackinzie— the other was a publick horse as soon as we was informed of this Capt. Lewis and 20 odd of the party vollunterily to go and fight. . . . I then Set out with Capt. Lewis and 20 odd more of the party. Several warrie[r]s of the Mandans Set out with us but their was only 3 or 4 remained with us the whole day. we walked about 18 mls. and halted. Got Some meat that our hunters had left hanging upon a tree & boiled & eat Some then proceeded on to the place where the horses was taken. we found a Sled their which they had cut the horse out of. found also a nomber pair of moccasons at their camp. we took the Sled and proceeded on their trale untill late in the evening. we then arived at 2 old Indian lodges which we Some expected to find them their we sent in a Spy but found none so we went to the lodges and Slept all night Some of the mens feet were sore walking 30 odd mls. on the Ice to day.

February 28 [Ordway]
About 3 oClock Mr. Gravelleen and Mr. Roie 2 frenchman came up from the Rickarees 2 of the R. Ree Indians came with them they all Informed us that they Saw the Souix Savvages who Robed our men of the 2 horses, & they said their was 106 in nomber and that they had a mind for to kill our men & that they held a counsel over them whether to kill them and take their arms and all or not. but while they were doing that our men were off and got clear, but they Say if they can catch any more of us they will kill us for they think that we are bad medicine and Say that we must be killed.

*Over the course of the expedition, William Clark grew very fond of Sacagawea's baby, became his guardian and later financed his education at a St. Louis boarding school.*

*The known facts of Baptiste's life are few. In 1823, Duke Paul Wilhelm Friedrich Herzog of Wurttemberg, Germany, visited a trading post in present-day Kansas City, where he met the then 18-year-old man, who was working as a guide and interpreter. The two traveled to Europe, where Baptiste remained for six years. He fathered a child with a German woman, but the baby, a boy, died after three months, and Baptiste returned to the United States. He headed West, eventually working as a trapper with Jim Bridger and Kit Carson.*

*Baptiste settled in California, serving as alcalde, or magistrate, at the San Luis Rey Mission. In 1866, he joined gold prospectors headed for the Montana Territory. On the way, he developed pneumonia and died shortly thereafter, at age 61, in Oregon near the Idaho border, having outlived all of the members of the expedition except Sgt. Patrick Gass.*

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**SHAW FESTIVAL**
Toronto, Canada
www.shawfest.com

April 7 - July 10
**MAX ERNST: A RETROSPECTIVE AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART**
New York, New York
www.metmuseum.org

May 8 - 22
**GRAND SUMO TOURNAMENT**
Tokyo, Japan
www.sumo.or.jp/eng/

May 12 - August 16
**FLORENTINE DRAWING UNDER THE LAST MEDICIS AT THE LOUVRE**
Paris, France
www.louvre.fr/louvrea.htm

May 20 - June 5
**BATH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL**
Somerset, United Kingdom
www.bathmusicfest.org.uk

June 5 - 19
**MIDNIGHT SUN FILM FESTIVAL**
Sodankyla, Finland
www.msfilmfestival.fi

June 30 - July 5
**ROSKILDE FESTIVAL**
Roskilde, Denmark
www.roskilde-festival.dk

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Smithsonian Journeys

# One Per Customer

Visitors to the "Gilbert Stuart" exhibition at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art may wonder what's going on. The Met partnered with the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery to display 14 of the artist's 100 portraits of the nation's first president. Of the four pictured here, one is the original 1796 Lansdowne (far left); two are faithful Stuart copies of it; and the fourth, with Washington's right arm lowered, is the artist's variation on it. The giveaway, says photographer Enrico Ferorelli, is "the shoes. They are much better in the Lansdowne original."

*—HELEN STARKWEATHER*

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# Romance and the Stone

*A rare Burmese ruby memorializes a philanthropic woman* ~ BY OWEN EDWARDS

WE DON'T NEED Wagner or Tolkien to tell us how powerful rings can be, though it must be said those two make the point pretty convincingly. Most of us have conducted our own ring cycles since childhood. When I was a boy, one of my most prized possessions was a cheap plastic ring, acquired perhaps by mailing in cereal box tops. I want to think that it had some tenuous connection to the effort to defeat the Axis powers late in World War II, a struggle my friends and I desperately wanted to be a part of. I seem to recall the ring had a compartment for secret information, but that may be a trick of my memory. I remember clearly, though, that the ring made me a star among my 7-year-old spies-in-waiting, a status that I hoped to retain with my high-school ring and my college ring, both now as lost, in my case, as the legendary golden trinket forged by Alberich and the Nibelung.

But it is as tokens of love that rings are most endearing. Those of us who have repeated the life-altering words "With this ring, I thee wed" know the sudden, thrilling significance a simple circlet of gold can convey. With such rings, we put into material form that ineffable bond that holds two people together, sometimes forever. On my own left ring finger I wear a gold band first worn by my wife's grandfather, a World War II general, a ring now incalculably more important to me than any of the prized rings of my youth.

When the romantic aura of a ring is combined with the drama of a pre-

At 23.1 carats, the gem is one of the largest Burmese rubies in the world.

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• Every year in the United States close to 700,000 people have a stroke.

• If you've had a heart attack or have diabetes, you're at increased risk for stroke.

• Helping to protect yourself from stroke is important. Stroke can be caused by the same condition as a heart attack—clogged arteries.

The Heart Protection Study proved that ZOCOR, along with diet, significantly reduced the risk of stroke in people with heart disease or diabetes, who had high or even normal cholesterol.

YOUR RESULTS MAY VARY.

• Talk to your doctor about how ZOCOR, along with a healthy diet, can help protect you from the risk of stroke.

• Get your free copy of *Your Heart Matters* at *zocor.com* or call 1-800-290-4406.

**Important considerations:** ZOCOR is a prescription tablet and isn't right for everyone, including women who are nursing or pregnant or who may become pregnant, and anyone with liver problems. Unexplained muscle pain or weakness could be a sign of a rare but serious side effect and should be reported to your doctor right away. ZOCOR may interact with other medicines or certain foods, increasing your risk of getting this serious side effect. So tell your doctor about any other medications you are taking.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR IF ZOCOR IS RIGHT FOR YOU. PLEASE READ THE MORE DETAILED INFORMATION ABOUT ZOCOR IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THIS AD.

ZOCOR
SIMVASTATIN

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20451525(1)(648C)-ZOC-CON

# ZOCOR®
## (SIMVASTATIN)

**PLEASE READ THIS SUMMARY CAREFULLY, THEN ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT ZOCOR. NO ADVERTISEMENT CAN PROVIDE ALL THE INFORMATION NEEDED TO PRESCRIBE A DRUG. THIS ADVERTISEMENT DOES NOT TAKE THE PLACE OF CAREFUL DISCUSSIONS WITH YOUR DOCTOR. ONLY YOUR DOCTOR HAS THE TRAINING TO WEIGH THE RISKS AND BENEFITS OF A PRESCRIPTION DRUG FOR YOU.**

### USES OF ZOCOR

ZOCOR is a prescription drug that is indicated as an addition to diet for many patients with high cholesterol. For patients at high risk of coronary heart disease (CHD) because of existing heart disease, diabetes, vascular disease, or history of stroke ZOCOR is indicated along with diet to reduce the risk of death by reducing coronary death; reduce the risk of heart attack and stroke; and reduce the need for revascularization procedures.

### WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED

Some people should not take ZOCOR. Discuss this with your doctor.

ZOCOR should not be used by patients who are allergic to any of its ingredients. In addition to the active ingredient simvastatin, each tablet contains the following inactive ingredients: cellulose, lactose, magnesium stearate, iron oxides, talc, titanium dioxide, and starch. Butylated hydroxyanisole is added as a preservative.

**Patients with liver problems:** ZOCOR should not be used by patients with active liver disease or repeated blood test results indicating possible liver problems. (See WARNINGS.)

**Women who are or may become pregnant:** Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus. **Women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely that they will become pregnant.** If a woman does become pregnant while on ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once.

**Women who are breast-feeding** should not take ZOCOR.

### WARNINGS

**Muscle: Tell your doctor right away if you experience any unexplained muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness at any time during treatment with ZOCOR so your doctor can decide if ZOCOR should be stopped. Some patients may have muscle pain or weakness while taking ZOCOR. Rarely, this can include muscle breakdown resulting in kidney damage. The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients taking certain other drugs along with ZOCOR:**

- **Cyclosporine, itraconazole, ketoconazole, erythromycin, clarithromycin, telithromycin, HIV protease inhibitors, the antidepressant nefazodone, or large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily), particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.**
- **Gemfibrozil particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.**
- **Other lipid lowering drugs (other fibrates or ≥1 g/day of niacin) that can cause myopathy when given alone.**
- **Danazol particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.**
- **Amiodarone or verapamil with higher doses of ZOCOR.**

**The risk of muscle breakdown is greater at higher doses of simvastatin.**

**Because the risk of muscle side effects is greater when ZOCOR is used with the products listed above, the combined use of these products should be avoided unless your doctor determines the benefits are likely to outweigh the increased risks.**

**The dose of ZOCOR should not exceed 10 mg daily in patients receiving gemfibrozil. The combined use of ZOCOR and gemfibrozil should be avoided, unless your doctor determines that the benefits outweigh the increased risks of muscle problems. Caution should be used when using ZOCOR with other fibrates or niacin because these can cause muscle problems when taken alone.**

**No more than 10 mg/day of ZOCOR should be taken with cyclosporine or danazol.**

**The combined use of verapamil or amiodarone with doses above ZOCOR 20 mg should be avoided unless your doctor determines the benefits outweigh the increased risk of muscle breakdown.**

**Your doctor should also carefully monitor for any muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness, particularly during the initial months of therapy and if the dose of either drug is increased. Your doctor also may monitor the level of certain muscle enzymes in your body, but there is no assurance that such monitoring will prevent the occurrence of severe muscle disease.**

**The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems or diabetes.**

**If you have conditions that can increase your risk of muscle breakdown, which in turn can cause kidney damage, your doctor should temporarily withhold or stop ZOCOR. Also, since there are no known adverse consequences of briefly stopping therapy with ZOCOR, treatment should be stopped a few days before elective major surgery and when any major acute medical or surgical condition occurs. Discuss this with your doctor, who can explain these conditions to you.**

**Liver: About 1% of patients who took ZOCOR in clinical trials developed elevated levels of some liver enzymes.** Patients who had these increases usually had no symptoms. Elevated liver enzymes usually returned to normal levels when therapy with ZOCOR was stopped.

In the ZOCOR Survival Study, the number of patients with more than 1 liver enzyme level elevation to greater than 3 times the normal upper limit was no different between the ZOCOR and placebo groups. Only 8 patients on ZOCOR and 5 on placebo discontinued therapy due to elevated liver enzyme levels. Patients were started on 20 mg of ZOCOR, and one third had their dose raised to 40 mg.

**Your doctor should perform routine blood tests to check these enzymes before you start treatment with ZOCOR and thereafter when clinically indicated. Patients titrated to the 80-mg dose should receive an additional test at 3 months and periodically thereafter (eg, semiannually) for the first year of treatment.** If your enzyme levels increase, your doctor should order more frequent tests. If your liver enzyme levels remain unusually high, your doctor should discontinue your medication.

Tell your doctor about any liver disease you may have had in the past and about how much alcohol you consume. ZOCOR should be used with caution in patients who consume large amounts of alcohol.

### PRECAUTIONS

**Drug Interactions:** Because of possible serious drug interactions, it is important to tell your doctor what other drugs you are taking, including those obtained without a prescription. You should also tell other doctors who are prescribing a new medicine for you that you are taking ZOCOR® (simvastatin). ZOCOR can interact with the following:

- Itraconazole
- Ketoconazole
- Erythromycin
- Clarithromycin
- Telithromycin
- HIV protease inhibitors
- Nefazodone
- Cyclosporine
- Large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily)

The risk of myopathy is also increased by gemfibrozil and to a lesser extent other fibrates and niacin (nicotinic acid) (≥1 g/day).

The risk of muscle breakdown is increased with other drugs:

- Danazol
- Amiodarone
- Verapamil

Some patients taking lipid lowering agents similar to ZOCOR and coumarin anticoagulants (a type of blood thinner) have experienced bleeding and/or increased blood clotting time. Patients taking these medicines should have their blood tested before starting therapy with ZOCOR and should continue to be monitored.

**Central Nervous System Toxicity; Cancer, Mutations, Impairment of Fertility:** Like most prescription drugs, ZOCOR was required to be tested on animals before it was marketed for human use. Often these tests were designed to achieve higher drug concentrations than humans achieve at recommended dosing. In some tests, the animals had damage to the nerves in the central nervous system. In studies of mice with high doses of ZOCOR, the likelihood of certain types of cancerous tumors increased. No evidence of mutations of or damage to genetic material has been seen. In 1 study with ZOCOR, there was decreased fertility in male rats.

**Pregnancy:** Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus.

Safety in pregnancy has not been established. In studies with lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR, there have been rare reports of birth defects of the skeleton and digestive system. Therefore, women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely they will become pregnant. If a woman does become pregnant while taking ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once. The active ingredient of ZOCOR did not cause birth defects in rats at 3 times the human dose or in rabbits at 3 times the human dose.

**Nursing Mothers:** Drugs taken by nursing mothers may be present in their breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, a woman taking ZOCOR should not breast-feed. (See WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED.)

**Pediatric Use:** ZOCOR is not recommended for children or patients under 10 years of age.

**Geriatric Use:** Higher blood levels of active drug were seen in elderly patients (70–78 years of age) compared with younger patients (18–30 years of age) in 1 study. In other studies, the cholesterol-lowering effects of ZOCOR were at least as great in elderly patients as in younger patients, and there were no overall differences in safety between elderly and younger patients over the 20–80 mg/day dosage range. Of the 7 cases of myopathy/rhabdomyolysis among 10,269 patients on ZOCOR in another study, 4 were aged 65 or more (at baseline), 1 of whom was over 75.

### SIDE EFFECTS

Most patients tolerate treatment with ZOCOR well; however, like all prescription drugs, ZOCOR can cause side effects, and some of them can be serious. Side effects that do occur are usually mild and short-lived. Only your doctor can weigh the risks versus the benefits of any prescription drug. In clinical studies with ZOCOR, less than 1.5% of patients dropped out of the studies because of side effects. In 2 large, 5-year studies, patients taking ZOCOR experienced similar side effects to those patients taking placebo (sugar pills). Some of the side effects that have been reported with ZOCOR or related drugs are listed below. This list is not complete. Be sure to ask your doctor about side effects before taking ZOCOR and to discuss any side effects that occur.

**Digestive System:** Constipation, diarrhea, upset stomach, gas, heartburn, stomach pain/cramps, anorexia, loss of appetite, nausea, inflammation of the pancreas, hepatitis, jaundice, fatty changes in the liver, and, rarely, severe liver damage and failure, cirrhosis, and liver cancer.

**Muscle, Skeletal:** Muscle cramps, aches, pain, and weakness; joint pain; muscle breakdown.

**Nervous System:** Dizziness, headache, insomnia, tingling, memory loss, damage to nerves causing weakness and/or loss of sensation and/or abnormal sensations, anxiety, depression, tremor, loss of balance, psychic disturbances.

**Skin:** Rash, itching, hair loss, dryness, nodules, discoloration.

**Eye/Senses:** Blurred vision, altered taste sensation, progression of cataracts, eye muscle weakness.

**Hypersensitivity (Allergic) Reactions:** On rare occasions, a wide variety of symptoms have been reported to occur either alone or together in groups (referred to as a syndrome) that appeared to be based on allergic-type reactions, which may rarely be fatal. These have included 1 or more of the following: a severe generalized reaction that may include shortness of breath, wheezing, digestive symptoms, and low blood pressure and even shock; an allergic reaction with swelling of the face, lips, tongue, and/or throat with difficulty swallowing or breathing; symptoms mimicking lupus (a disorder in which a person's immune system may attack parts of his or her own body); severe muscle and blood vessel inflammation, sometimes including rash; bruises; various disorders of blood cells (that could result in anemia, infection, or blood clotting problems) or abnormal blood tests; inflamed or painful joints; hives; fatigue and weakness; sensitivity to sunlight; fever, chills; flushing; difficulty breathing; and severe skin disorders that vary from rash to a serious burn like shedding of skin all over the body, including mucous membranes such as the lining of the mouth.

**Other:** Loss of sexual desire, breast enlargement, impotence.

**Laboratory Tests:** Liver function test abnormalities including elevated alkaline phosphatase and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities.

**NOTE: This summary provides important information about ZOCOR. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the prescribing information and then discuss it with them.**

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20451525(1)(648C) ZOC CON

cious jewel, the effect can be powerful. I well remember sitting in a New Orleans restaurant of a late summer afternoon, mesmerized by the astonishing spectrum emitting from a diamond ring on the gracefully gesturing hand of a woman seated at a nearby table. As she spoke to friends, her hand passed through the rays of sun slanting through a window high on the opposite wall, sending a shower of sparks all over the restaurant. It was as if she were conducting her own concert of color.

Combine a ring made to show off a legendary gem with a love that has transcended death, and you have what Jeffrey Post, curator of the National Gem and Mineral Collection at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History, calls "the most important addition to the collection in the 20 years that I've been here." The ring in question is a 23.1 carat Burmese ruby flanked by two triangular diamonds. Its acquisition was made possible last August by Peter Buck, an investor and physicist, now retired from Schenectady, New York's Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory, in the name of his wife, Carmen Lúcia Buck, who died in 2003.

Mrs. Buck, born in Brazil, was a collector of jewels as well as a philanthropist dedicated to medical research, the aged and children in Brazil. She had learned of the ruby from jeweler Frank Cappiello of Danbury, Connecticut, who, in 2002, had heard that it might be coming on the market after many years in private hands. At the time, she was fighting cancer and hoped to celebrate a recovery by purchasing the stone. Though this was a consummation only to be wished, her husband decided to honor her by providing funds for the Smithsonian to purchase what is now known as the Carmen Lúcia ruby. At the museum, it joins such legendary jewels as the Hope diamond and the 423 carat Logan sapphire.

The oval-shaped ruby was mined in the 1930s in the Mogok region of Burma, now also known as Myanmar—the classic source of great rubies, according to curator Post—and is one of the largest fine faceted Burmese rubies in the world. (Burmese rubies are prized for their color; the Carmen Lúcia is a bright red with undertones of pink and purple, a coveted hue known to gem dealers as "pigeon blood red.") The stone's provenance since it was first cut is unclear. "We don't know who owned the stone before international gem dealers bought it 15 years ago," says Post, "but it's not so unusual to have remarkable stones remain for generations in private family vaults." When such a treasure surfaces, Post says, "it causes a major stir in the gem world."

When such a treasure surfaces, says curator Jeff Post, "it causes a major stir."

"I first met Carmen [Lúcia, in 2000] in New York City in 1976," says her widower, Peter Buck. "And after that we were married and lived happily ever after."

A nuclear physicist by training, Buck helped underwrite a friend's submarine sandwich shop. The shop evolved into the Subway chain. Buck has not revealed the amount of his donation to the Institution to purchase the ring.

But its value, as is so often the case with rings, lies more in its meaning than in dollars. As an expression of the abiding love of a man for a woman, the Carmen Lúcia ruby ring should sparkle for all who see it in the years ahead. "Already," says Buck, "the ring has probably been seen by more people than had seen it altogether since it was first unearthed in the 1930s."

*OWEN EDWARDS is a freelance writer who is based in San Francisco, California.*

PETER BUCK COLLECTION

# THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

*FEBRUARY ANNIVERSARIES—MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE*

**25 YEARS AGO: MIRACLE TEAM**
With the score tied at 3-3, American Mike Eruzione slams the puck into the Soviet Union's goal in the hockey "game of the century" at the 1980 Olympics in Lake Placid, NY. The underdog U.S. team's win over the Soviets, gold medalists since 1964, boosts spirits leveled by the Iran hostage crisis. Two days later the U.S. beats Finland for the gold.

**60 YEARS AGO: BEST-LAID PLANS**
Yalta, 1945: "Big Three" Allied leaders Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin begin planning for a postwar Europe. They agree to divide authority over a defeated Germany and about Soviet entry into the war with Japan, but an agreement to foster free elections in Poland and Eastern Europe will not last; Stalin retains power there, and U.S.-Soviet relations chill to the point of a cold war.

**140 YEARS AGO: FREE SPEECH**
Abolitionist minister Henry Highland Garnet preaches to a packed chamber in the U.S. House of Representatives, the first African-American to speak there, in 1865. "Emancipate, enfranchise, educate," he cries in a Sunday morning sermon against slavery, and calls for the ratification of the recently passed 13th Amendment banning it. By year's end it is ratified. Garnet dies in Liberia in 1882.

**100 YEARS AGO: THEY ALSO SERVE**
Hoping to cultivate business contacts, Chicago lawyer Paul Harris founds the Rotary Club in 1905 for friends to network. Members "rotate" host duties, and after giving a horse to a local doctor in 1907, make civic service top priority. Required to admit women in 1987, America's first service club today boasts 1.2 million members worldwide. Harris dies in 1947.

**60 YEARS AGO: CAPTURE THE FLAG**
As U.S. Marines wage a costly battle to capture the strategically important Japanese island of Iwo Jima, AP photographer Joe Rosenthal snaps the most reproduced image of the war. His photograph of six G.I.'s raising a large U.S. flag, the second to go up, atop Mt. Suribachi becomes a symbol of hope and wins the Pulitzer Prize. It will appear on items from postage stamps to a Rose Parade float, and inspire the 1954 USMC War Memorial. Rosenthal, 94, lives in California.

—*ALISON MCLEAN*

**75 YEARS AGO: FARSIGHTED**
Scanning images taken with a 13-inch telescope at Arizona's Lowell Observatory in 1930, Clyde Tombaugh, 24, discovers a needle in a haystack: Pluto, long suspected to exist but never before seen. The tiny, distant orb—it is two-thirds the size of our Moon and at least 2.6 billion miles away—remains the only planet not photographed at close range. Tombaugh dies in 1997.

*CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: GRANGER COLLECTION; HEINZ KLUETMEIER / SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; ROTARY INTERNATIONAL; AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; JOE ROSENTHAL / AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; JAMES U. STEAD / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION*

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# A Practiced Eye for the Beauty of Science

Illustrator Alice Tangerini has rendered about 1,000 plants, delicately balancing the demands of botany research and the aesthetics of her calling

ALICE TANGERINI fingers a stalk of dried grass that has long, slender leaves and a knotted root. "I love grasses," she says. "They are so graceful." Tangerini, a botanical illustrator at the National Museum of Natural History, is standing at her desk talking about a new species of grass that was discovered three years ago in the Andes Mountains of Peru by Smithsonian botanist Paul Peterson. Tangerini's drawing of the tall grass will accompany a scientific journal article Peterson plans to publish later this year.

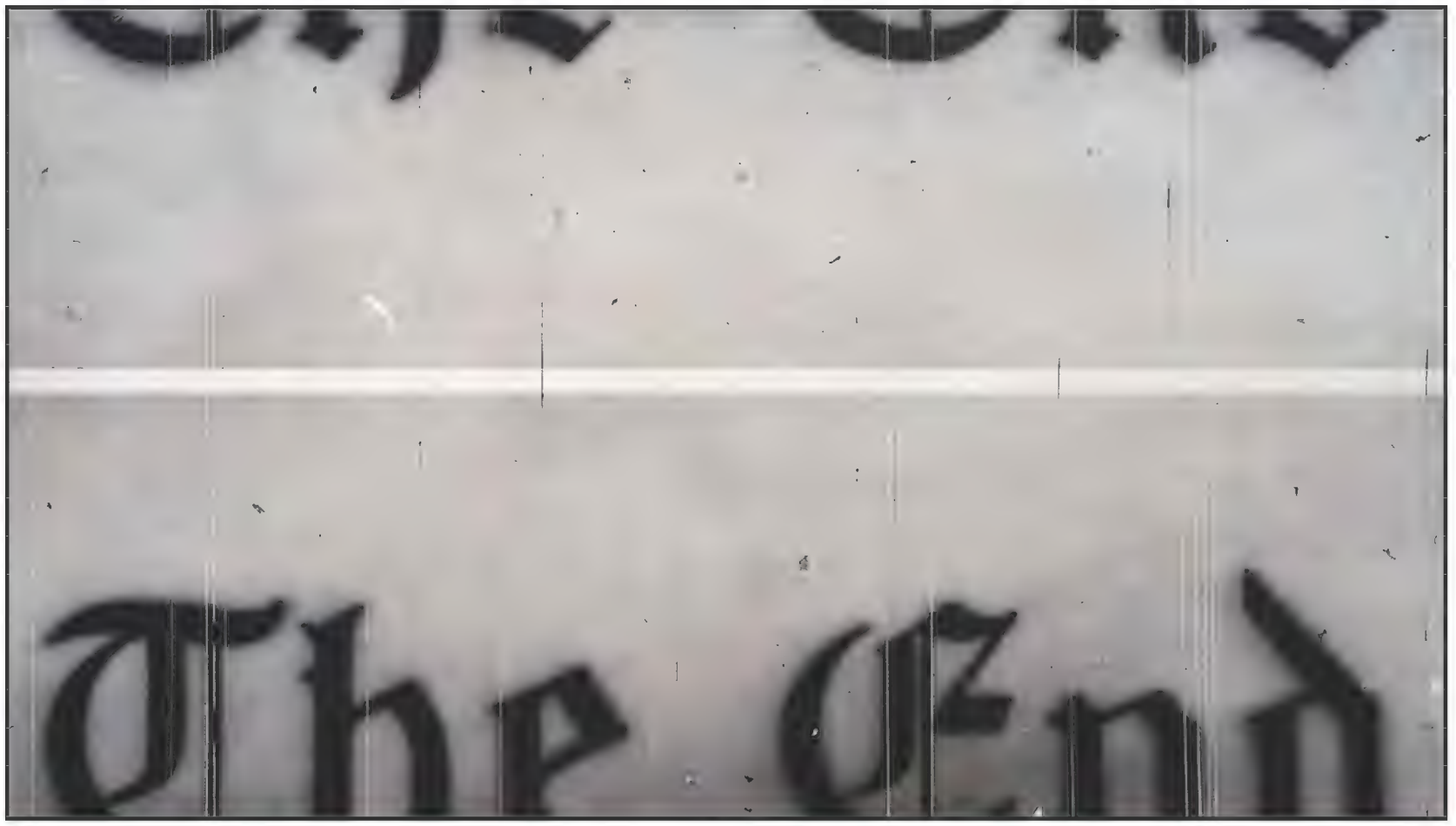
Tangerini's illustrations idealize a plant, emphasizing those features—the hairs on a leaf or the shape of a stem—that differentiate the specimen from other species. "The scientist can only write a description," she says. "I can show much more."

"I call it magic," says Rusty Russell, collections manager at the museum. "She takes these lifeless specimens and brings them back to life."

Before Tangerini begins a drawing, she'll spend a week or so studying the plant. She slices open the seeds, examines the leaves under a microscope and rehydrates desiccated flowers

"If I can show the plant as beautiful as possible," says Tangerini (drawing *Anthurium ramoncaracasii*), "then I have succeeded."

KAY CHERNUSH

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Edward Ruscha. The End. 1991. Synthetic polymer paint and graphite on canvas. The Museum of Modern Art, Partial and Promised Gift of UBS. © 2005 Edward Ruscha.
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with an alcohol solution to better show their original shape. Her research methods are so thorough she once discovered that a pineapple plant she was drawing belonged to an entirely new species, native to Venezuela; the plant, *Navia aliciae*, was named after her.

Tangerini typically begins a sketch in pencil. She often uses a camera lucida, a device attached to a microscope that allows her to magnify and trace minute details of seeds, flowers and fruit. After an initial sketch is finished, a botanist reviews it for accuracy before Tangerini finishes the rendering with a metal quill pen, small brushes and waterproof ink on an 11- by 17-inch piece of drafting film.

Scientific botanical illustration, which dates back to ancient Greece, has strict conventions. The light source is always from the upper left, and color is rarely used. Yet Tangerini, who has a bachelor's degree in fine arts and has created more than a thousand illustrations since she joined the Smithsonian full time in 1972, has a distinctive style. She tends to use a lot of line shading, says retired Smithsonian illustrator Elaine Hodges, adding: "She has a wonderful way of weaving a large plant, something with long tendrils, so that it fits gracefully into the page."

Tangerini identified a new species of wild pineapple, now named after her.

Interest in the work Tangerini does seems to be, well, growing. Last year, when the U.S. Botanic Garden in Washington, D.C. and the Corcoran College of Art & Design launched the first fully accredited certificate program in the United States in botanical art, twice the expected number of people enrolled. Tangerini teaches scientific illustration.

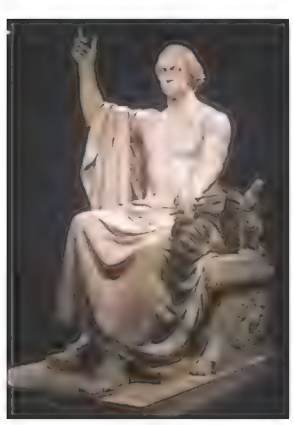
After she finished her drawing of the Peruvian grass, Tangerini turned to depicting the microscopic workings of small aquatic algae. The illustration was largely diagrammatic, so she worked at a computer to piece together the cell structure. Classical as her drawing technique may be, she doesn't believe that digital technology will replace illustrators anytime soon. "The computer is just another tool," she says. "It's a 21st-century pen."

*—ULRICH BOSER*

*ALICE TANGERINI; NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND TECHNOLOGY, OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR, RECORDS, 1944 1975 / SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION ARCHIVES; SMITHSONIAN AMERICAN ART MUSEUM*

## FROM THE ATTIC

**GEORGE WASHINGTON SAT HERE** By most accounts, the 1840 installation of Horatio Greenough's gigantic 12-ton sculpture of a partially nude George Washington in the U.S. Capitol was a critical disaster. It remained in the rotunda for only three years before being moved to the Capitol's east lawn. The reason has long been obscured by legends—that the floor had cracked or that the classic portrayal of the first president as a chiseled hunk had scandalized the public. But Harry Rand, a curator at the National Museum of American History, says the rotunda floor had been reinforced and never gave way. Most important, the sculpture, though controversial, had plenty of admirers, James Fenimore Cooper and Samuel Morse among them. "Greenough's theories in art were a century ahead of his time," says Rand, who has written a book on the sculpture, which was donated to the Smithsonian in 1909 and resided in the Castle building until it was moved in 1962 to the American History Museum (above). Greenough's Washington would still be sitting in the Capitol today, Rand says, if the artist himself hadn't petitioned to put it outside: he found the rotunda too dark. "The next generation would invent electricity," says Rand. "Problem solved." *—BETH PY-LIEBERMAN*



I can't believe I used to think all Native American culture was the same. Then I visited New Mexico and discovered 19 pueblos, all with a unique style, from the colorful feast days of the Santa Clara to the traditional pottery of the Acoma.

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# Ready for Its Close-Up

Though it's still crucial to NASA for tests, the *Enterprise* boldly goes where no space shuttle has gone before

*Enterprise* was the first shuttle built—and restored to a fare-thee-well, the first on permanent display.

PRESTON KERES / WASHINGTON POST; MAIDENFORM COLLECTION, ARCHIVES CENTER, NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

TREKKIES, TAKE NOTE. The *Enterprise*, the first space shuttle ever built and the only one with a name from a sci-fi TV show, became the first to go on permanent public display at an unveiling this past fall at the National Air and Space Museum's Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center near Dulles International Airport outside Washington, D.C.

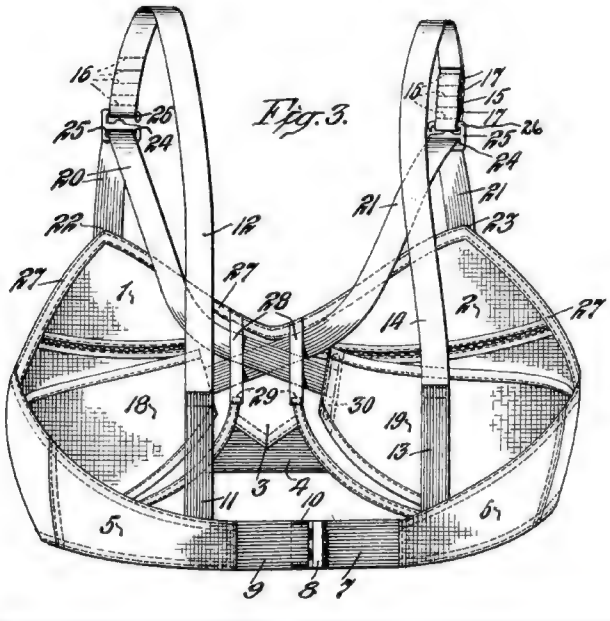
Built in 1976, *Enterprise* was to be named *Constitution* until "Star Trek" fans successfully campaigned to rename it after the show's signature starship. NASA's *Enterprise,* alas, was a prototype shuttle that never ventured into space. Instead, it underwent numerous launchpad and landing tests—initially going aloft in California in 1976 while piggyback on a Boeing 747 jumbo jet—and cleared the way for the 1981 maiden shuttle mission in space, the 14-day flight of *Columbia*. NASA would launch four other shuttle vehicles, and to date has completed 113 missions, including the 1990 launch of the Hubble Space Telescope.

NASA donated *Enterprise* to the Smithsonian in 1985. But the 122-foot-long, 57-foot-high shuttle couldn't be housed at the museum's storage facility in Maryland, says Roger Launius, the museum's curator of space history. "There was no place to land it and it was too big to truck." So it sat on the tarmac at Dulles Airport for more than a year before it was moved into a temporary hangar, where it remained for more than a decade. Four specialists, assisted by staff and volunteers, took seven months to restore the vessel to something approaching its original glory.

Even in retirement, *Enterprise* is useful to NASA. After *Columbia* disintegrated on February 1, 2003, while reentering Earth's atmosphere, killing all seven crew members, NASA officials turned to *Enterprise* to test some theories about what caused the accident. They removed pieces of the wings as well as landing-bay doors, says Launius. Studies of the materials helped investigators establish that *Columbia*'s heat shield and left wing had been damaged by pieces of foam insulation that broke loose shortly after launch.

Last October NASA announced that the shuttle program, in suspension since the *Columbia* accident, will resume sometime between May 12 and June 3 with the launch of the shuttle *Discovery*. Space-travel advocates welcome that news. The *Enterprise* and the other shuttles have been essential, Launius says, to our becoming "a multi-planetary species."

—*MARY COLLINS*




## HURRY IN

Beat a path to the Smithsonian's traveling exhibition of 70 build-it-better sketches, including a 1938 patent drawing for a Maidenform bra. "Doodles, Drafts, and Designs" is at Washington, D.C.'s Octagon Museum until May 1, before moving on to Atlanta; Troy, New York; and Pasadena.

**VISIT THE SMITHSONIAN** For a free Associates' planning packet, call Smithsonian Information, 202-357-2700 or 202-357-1729 (TTY), 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Monday through Saturday, or send an e-mail to info@si.edu. **INFORMATION CENTER:** Upon arrival, stop at the Smithsonian Information Center in the Castle (9 a.m.-5:30 p.m.). Members are invited to drop by the reception desk (9 a.m.-4 p.m.) to register for a behind-the-scenes tour and to hear about membership benefits. Most museums are open daily, 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m., except December 25.

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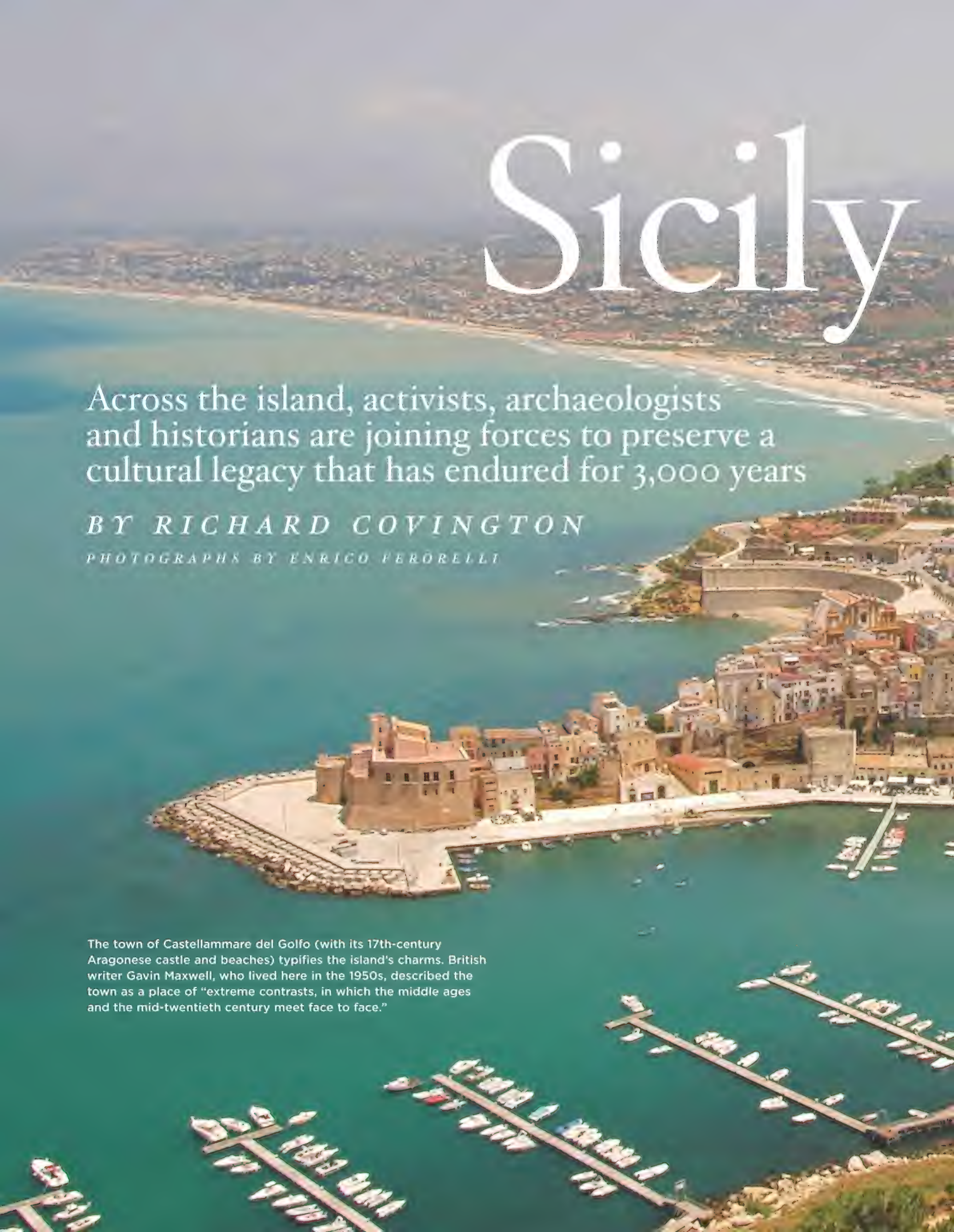
# Sicily

Across the island, activists, archaeologists and historians are joining forces to preserve a cultural legacy that has endured for 3,000 years

*BY RICHARD COVINGTON*

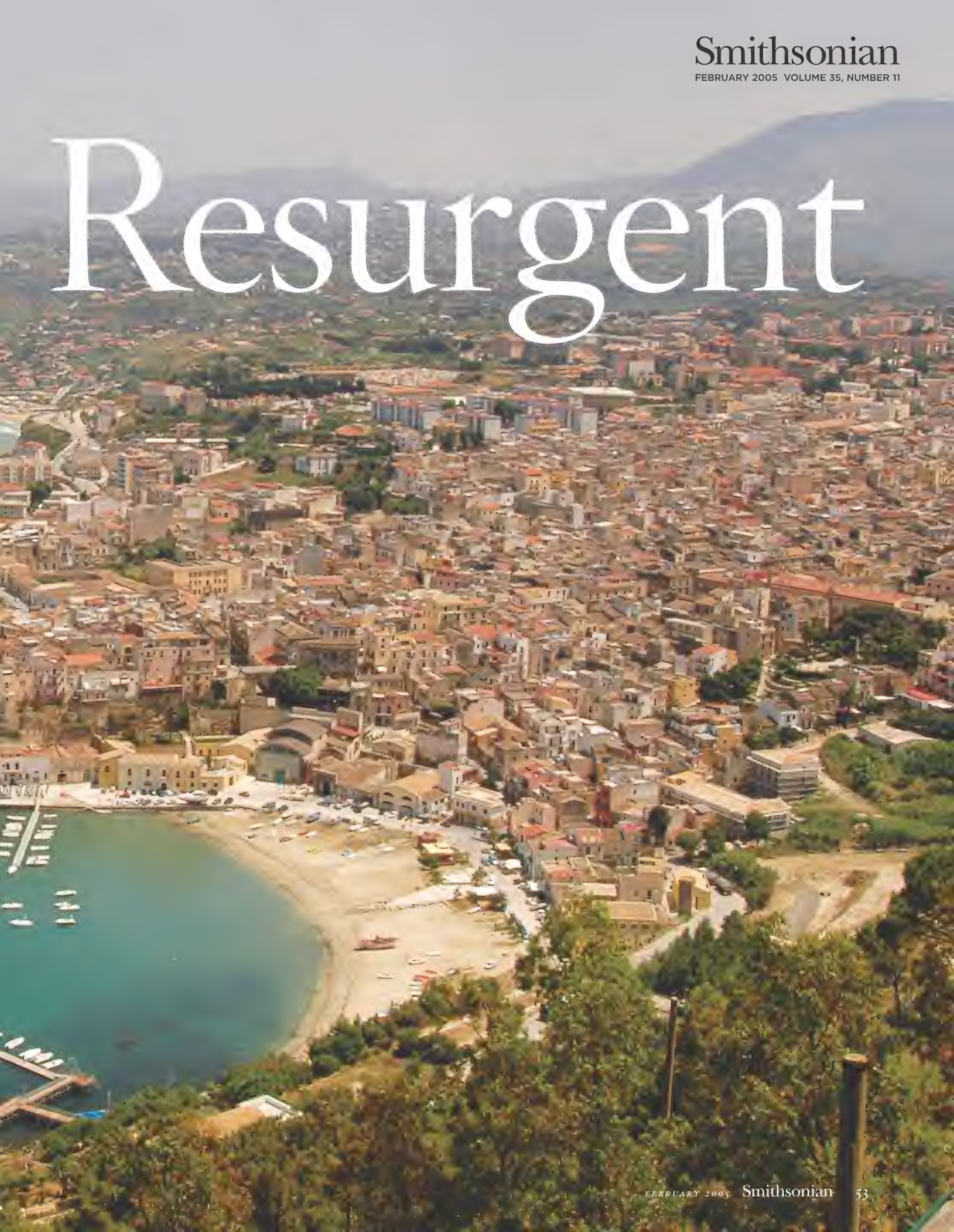
*PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERORELLI*



The town of Castellammare del Golfo (with its 17th-century Aragonese castle and beaches) typifies the island's charms. British writer Gavin Maxwell, who lived here in the 1950s, described the town as a place of "extreme contrasts, in which the middle ages and the mid-twentieth century meet face to face."

Smithsonian
FEBRUARY 2005 VOLUME 35, NUMBER 11

# Resurgent



As it happened, I was with vulcanologist Giuseppe Patanè just three days after Sicily's Mount Etna—at 10,902 feet, the tallest active volcano in Europe—erupted in October 2002. As Patanè, who teaches at the University of Catania and has spent nearly four decades clambering over Etna, stepped out of his green Renault to confer with civil defense officials, thunderous booms cracked from the erupting crater just half a mile away.

"Let's track down the front of this lava stream," he said, leaping back into the driver's seat with boyish enthusiasm. On the way downhill, we spied *carabinieri* (police) jeeps hurtling out of the oak and chestnut forest. Patanè pulled over to chat briefly with one of the drivers. "We better hustle down the mountain fast," he said to me when he had finished. "There's a risk that a new crater could open."

"Where?" I asked.

"Under our feet," he replied with a fiendish grin.

As it turned out, the eruptions continued for weeks. Earthquake tremors nearly leveled the nearby town of Santa Venerina, leaving more than 1,000 people homeless. So much ash fell on Catania, 20 miles south, that the sky was black even at noon. Driving was dangerous in the slick, half-inch-deep volcanic dust. Even the streets of Syracuse, 50 miles south, were covered in ash.

Of course, eruptions of one sort or another have been rocking Sicily for millennia. In the fifth century B.C., the Greek poet Pindar alluded to Etna's volcanic temper, marveling that its "inmost caves belch forth the purest streams of unapproachable fire."

Poised about two miles off the toe of Italy, of which it is an autonomous region, Sicily is about the size of Vermont. It has seen waves of invaders, who left behind impressive monuments: Greek and Roman temples, Saracen citrus groves and gardens, Norman churches with glittering Byzantine mosaics, 17th- and 18th-century cathedrals erected by Spanish and Bourbon rulers. As a result, the island possesses one of the greatest concentrations of historical and archaeological landmarks in the Mediterranean.

Tourists flock to an island regarded as a sort of alternative Tuscany, a place that compensates for its dearth of Michelangelos and Botticellis with an exotic cultural identity that has one foot in Europe and the other in North Africa. Although films such as *The Godfather* convey the impression that the island is all blood, revenge and *omertà* (the code of silence), others such as 1989's *Cinema Paradiso*, 1994's *Il Postino* and 1950's *Stromboli*, starring Ingrid Bergman, portray a gentler, more picturesque way of life closer to reality.

Compared with the rest of Europe, even mainland Italy, time here is divided less by minutes and hours than by mealtimes, when regional food, lovingly prepared, is served. Pasta with squid and mussels at the Santandrea restaurant in the capital city of Palermo; fish carpaccio at the Ostaria del Duomo restaurant in Cefalù; and roast pork glazed with the local Nero d'Avola wine at the Fattoria delle Torri in Modica are among the best meals I've ever eaten.

After Etna, the biggest eruptions in recent decades were the assassinations in Palermo of anti-Mafia judges Giovanni Falcone, in May 1992, and Paolo Borsellino two months later—brutal wake-up calls galvanizing the island to fight the Mafia and enact reforms. "When we heard the explosion from the enormous bomb that killed Borsellino, we stopped everything," recalls Giovanni Sollima, 42, a composer. "After that point, it was like we all saw a new movie—Palermo rebuilding. We got drunk on Palermo, discovering the historic center for the first time—churches, paintings, buildings, new food, different cultures, dialects—as if we were tourists in our own city." In 1996, Palermo's airport was renamed Falcone-Borsellino in honor of the martyred judges.

After the murders of the two judges, Sicilians seemed to embrace their enormous cultural wealth as a way of overcoming the island's darker reputation. Despite the assassinations, the trials of crime bosses went forward. Since 1992, more than 170 life sentences have been handed down by

AFP PHOTO / NASA

Mount Etna, Sicily's still active volcano (seen from a satellite), has been erupting off and on for millennia. A fifth-century B.C. poet marveled at its "streams of unapproachable fire."

*RICHARD COVINGTON, a frequent contributor, lives near Paris. Photographer ENRICO FERORELLI is based in New York City.*

local prosecutors. As powerful, venal and pervasive as the Mafia continues to be—drug trafficking and corruption in the construction industries, for example, remain a problem—the majority of the island's five million citizens reject it. Thanks to a vigorously enforced anti-street-crime campaign, Palermo, for the first time in decades, has now become a city where it is safe to walk, day and night.

And throughout the island, signs of this cultural revival are everywhere—in restorations of Noto Valley's spectacular Baroque monuments in the southeast; in a privately sponsored project to conserve the rare flora and fauna of the Aeolian Islands, 25 miles to the north; in cooking schools, such as Anna Tasca Lanza's classes at Regaleali, her country estate, near the central Sicilian town of Vallelunga; in a wide-scale effort to shore up the town of Agrigento's mile-long stretch of Doric temples—one of the most extensive concentrations outside Greece itself—on the south coast, and, in 2002, in composer Sollima's own sold-out performance of his opera at the restored 19th-century opera house opposite his studio.

Reopened in 1997 after 23 years of intermittent restoration, the Teatro Mássimo, a neo-Classical temple dominating an entire city block, symbolizes Palermo's renaissance. Claudio Abbado conducted the Berlin Philharmonic at the gala opening; the opera house now showcases local and international talent. Film buffs might recognize the dark sandstone exterior from the opera scene in *The Godfather: Part III*, shot here in the late 1980s.

Seated in the Teatro's royal box, its walls sheathed in velvet, former artistic director Roberto Pagano tells me that two churches and a convent were razed in the 19th century to make room for the original building, incurring the wrath of Catholic authorities and conservative politicians alike. Why erect this temple of luxury, critics asked, when the city lacks decent hospitals and streets? "They had a point," Pagano acknowledges, surveying five horseshoe-shaped tiers of magnificently restored and gilded box seats.

An expert on Palermo-born composer Alessandro Scarlatti and his son, Domenico, Pagano has organized an annual Scarlatti festival. But he champions contemporary works as well. "Palermo was a center for experimental music in the 1960s and '70s before the theater closed: we want to revive that reputation," he says.

FEW SICILIANS APPROACH the island's cultural revival with more zest than Baroness Renata Pucci Zanca, the 70ish vice president of Salvare Palermo (To Save Palermo), a local preservation organization. She takes me to Lo Spasimo, a once-derelict 16th-century monastery recently transformed into a performance center. Entering the roofless nave of a former church now used for outdoor musical and theatrical productions, Zanca tells me that the interior, before it was given a new lease on life, had become a dumping ground, filled with "a mountain of trash 20 feet high."

In the historic district surrounding Lo Spasimo, a square-mile area with a great profusion of medieval, Arab-Norman and Baroque buildings, Zanca next takes me on a tour of dilapidated *palazzos*. Some of these still bear damage from bombings in 1943, when the Allies captured Sicily. Others, such as Palazzo Alliata di Pietratagliata, only appear derelict; inside, tapestries, ancestral portraits and antique marquetry chests fill elegant drawing rooms. "Palermo is not like Rome, Venice or Florence, where everything is displayed like goods in a shop window," says Princess Signoretta Licata di Baucina Alliata. "It's a very secret city."

To finance the palazzo's upkeep, Alliata invites small groups of tourists to pay for the privilege of hobnobbing with Sicilian aristocrats in private palazzos. Dinner for 16, served in a sumptuous Baroque dining room with a soaring, *trompe l'oeil* ceiling and a gargantuan Murano chandelier, evokes a scene, and a recipe for "chicken livers, hard boiled eggs, sliced ham, chicken and truffles in masses of piping hot, glistening

FROM THE GODFATHER (1972), COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES; ALESSANDRO FUCARINI / AP PHOTO

Sicily has long been notorious as the home of the Mafia (as depicted in *The Godfather*, left, and in reality: mob boss Pietro Aglieri being led to trial in 1997). But its citizens yearn to put their violent past behind them. American journalist Alexander Stille, an expert on the Sicilian Mafia, told *Time*: "[They are] going to be under constant scrutiny, which takes away their power enormously."

macaroni," from *The Leopard*, Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa's 1958 novelistic portrayal of Sicily's proud, crumbling 19th-century aristocracy.

Outside, Lo Spasimo's streets teem with young people spilling from restaurants and bars. In the paved square in front of the Church of San Francesco d'Assisi, waiters at a sidewalk café bear late-night orders of *pasta con le sarde*—the signature Palermo dish of macaroni, fresh sardines, fennel, raisins and pine nuts. From a bar set back on a cobbled street, a jazz-rock trio belts out a tune by Catanian balladeer Franco Battiato.

ONE DAY I DRIVE TO SYRACUSE, once the center of Sicily's ancient Greek culture and for 500 years Athens' archrival. The route extends 130 miles southeast, through orange and lemon groves, wheat fields, vineyards and sheep pastures, past hill towns and a barren, semiarid region where the only signs of life are occasional hawks wheeling in the updrafts.

Arriving in late afternoon, I make my way to the amphitheater where, in the fifth century B.C., Aeschylus presided as playwright-in-residence. It was in Syracuse too, a century later, that Plato tutored the future king Dionysius II. In the fading light, the semicircular rows of white limestone glow a dusky pink, while in the distance, beyond blocks of modern apartment buildings, I can make out the ramparts where Archimedes mounted mirrors to set an invading Roman fleet on fire. Despite the great mathematician's secret weapon, Syracuse ultimately fell to the Romans in 211 B.C.; thereafter, the city gradually slid into decline.

The following morning, Baron Pietro Beneventano, 62, a local preservationist and amateur historian, leads the way into Castello Maniace, a stone fortress built in the mid-13th century by Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II.

Palermo's Teatro Mássimo (where composer Giovanni Sollima, left, premièred an opera in 2002) stands as a neo-Classical monument. On the eve of the opera house's 1897 inauguration, the *New York Times* extolled its "beauty of design, quality of workmanship, and charm of exterior and interior decoration."

As recently as 1995, says preservationist Baroness Zanca (above), the nave of this 16th-century Palermo church, now a performance space, was "filled with trash." "Palermo," says Princess Alliata (right, in her 15th-century *palazzo* there), "is not like Rome, Venice or Florence, where everything is displayed like goods in a shop window. It's a very secret city."

Beneventano, whose ancestors settled in Syracuse in 1360, enters a vast reception hall. A forest of massive, intricately carved columns punctuates the space. "No one had any idea this hall existed until the floor above it was removed during renovations," the baron says. "Because of the incredible artistry and beauty of these columns, some are convinced Castello Maniace is the most important building Frederick II ever built."

Back outside, Beneventano points out a construction crew digging at the castle's seafront entrance, which was buried for centuries beneath mud and sand. The Italian Environment Foundation is restoring the fortress and more than a dozen city monuments threatened by modern development or neglect. "There are just too many monuments for the government alone to renovate," Beneventano says. "Without private funding, some of Syracuse's priceless legacy could vanish without a trace."

A few hundred yards up a wind-swept promenade, past cafés and restaurants, lies the Fonte Aretusa, a sunken, spring-fed pool where Admiral Nelson replenished his water supplies in 1798 before setting off to defeat Napoleon at the Battle of the Nile, a victory that secured British control of the Mediterranean. While Nelson attended a ball held in his honor at the family palazzo, Beneventano tells me, the admiral learned that Napoleon's fleet lay anchored near Aboukir Bay. "Just imagine," Beneventano muses. "If Nelson had not stopped in Syracuse for water and news, it's entirely likely he would never have known Napoleon was off the coast of Egypt. History might have turned out very differently."

A half-hour drive southwest leads to Noto, a Baroque town (pop. 21,700) that exemplifies pioneering urban planner Giuseppe Lanza's vision of harmonious equilibrium. After an earthquake destroyed Noto in 1693, it was rebuilt in a luminous honey-colored stone, tufa. In 1996, its cathedral's dome collapsed, and local officials launched a campaign to restore the fragile tufa structures. There, in 2002, UNESCO listed the town and seven others nearby as World Heritage Sites, citing their unparalleled concentration of Baroque landmarks.

Noto's triumphal stone arch, at one end of the piazza, opens onto ornate churches flanked by statues and bell towers and palazzos with wrought iron balconies supported by carved stone lions and centaurs and other strange beasts. At the town hall, students lounge on the broad steps, while nearby, cafés, ice-cream parlors, boutiques selling hand-painted ceramic plates, and vest-pocket parks planted with palm trees and bougainvillea anchor a lively street scene.

Inside the Church of Monte Vergine, atop steep stairs 100

BOTTOM: MIMMO JODICE / CORBIS

feet above the piazza, a restorer painstakingly applies epoxy resin to a once-proud facade pockmarked by three centuries of exposure to the elements. "How is it going?" I ask.

"Nearly finished," he replies. "But don't worry, I'm not out of a job yet, there's years more work ahead." He nods toward the towering crane poised above the cathedral of San Nicolò; its dome is surrounded by scaffolding.

Fifty miles northwest of Noto, the world's finest concentration of Roman mosaics are to be found near the town of Piazza Armerina. At the Villa Romana del Casale, there are 38,000-square-feet of vivid mosaics, many documenting the lives of fourth-century Roman aristocrats hunting, banqueting, celebrating religious festivals, chariot racing. The country house is so lavish that archaeologists speculate it may have been owned by Maximian, Diocletian's co-emperor.

The mosaics' remarkable state of preservation, architect Filippo Speranza tells me, is, ironically enough, the result of a cataclysmic landslide in 1611, which buried the villa until its excavation in 1955. "Now that the villa is exposed to the atmosphere, the packed earth [still] surrounding the walls allows moisture to seep into the mosaics and frescoes," Speranza says. To eliminate this seepage, the site needs to be excavated to its original level, an enormous task that will require digging out another five feet around much of the villa.

Apart from a cavernous banquet hall adorned with images of the 12 labors of Hercules, the villa's most impressive work illustrates an African and Indian safari. An elephant struggles in a net, a wounded lioness attacks a hunter, a panther sinks its teeth into an antelope. Although the mosaic undulates like a wave across a partially caved-in floor 200 feet long and 10 feet wide, it has remained miraculously intact.

Speranza believes that only a small fraction of the Roman settlement has been uncovered. "The villa was far more than the hunting lodge most people thought at first," the archaeologist says. "In reality, it served as an important administrative center to represent Rome's interests at the periphery of the empire."

Leaving Villa Romana, I retrace my route northwest, bypassing Palermo to reach the coastal nature reserve of Zingaro, about an hour and a half drive west of the capital and the site of a showdown more than two decades ago that put the brakes on Sicily's chaotic overdevelopment.

In May 1980, some 6,000 demonstrators, representing local, national and international environmental groups, blocked a proposed highway through forested headlands near

Many architectural treasures of Syracuse require restoration, says local preservationist Beneventano (left, with a family painting): "Some of Syracuse's priceless legacy could vanish without a trace." Among the city's extraordinary landmarks is the ancient amphitheater (below left, where classical drama is still performed). Elsewhere on the island, village life (a gathering at a traditional men's club in Ragusa, below) is rooted in kinship networks stretching back generations.

the coves of the Castellammare del Golfo. As a result, the regional assembly set aside six square miles for the reserve. Since then, some 90 regional nature reserves, parks, wetlands and marine sanctuaries have been created around the island.

Along the road to Zingaro lies Scopello, for centuries a center of tuna fishing until overfishing did it in during the 1980s. Inside a two-room visitors' center 200 yards from Zingaro's entrance, a man in his late 60s perches on a stool, weaving a basket from palm fronds. When I ask how long it will take him to finish, he lays down the knife he is using to plait the fronds and rotates the zigzag-patterned basket admiringly in one hand. "A day," he says at last. "But since there are no more tuna for me to fish, I've got plenty of time."

Inside the car-free sanctuary, dwarf palms and purple cornflowers edge a rust-red dirt path snaking along a rocky bluff above the coast. Far ahead, slender eight-foot-tall stalks of wild fennel poke above the scrub brush on cliffs that plunge hundreds of feet to the sea.

I pick my way down to a pebbly cove. The crystalline waters are fringed with red and orange algae; in a darkened grotto, incandescent shrimp glimmer in tide pools. Beyond the promontory of 1,729-foot Mount Gallo, rising into gray clouds, lies Palermo, only 35 miles away, with its labyrinthine streets, markets and hushed churches alongside exuberant piazzas bristling with outdoor cafés and ice-cream stands.

It seems a near-miracle that this wilderness exists so near the city, and I silently thank the protesters who blocked the highway 25 years ago. Like the millions of Sicilians horrified by the murders of judges Falcone and Borsellino, the demonstrators proved that there is an alternative to cynical power politics and Mafia rule. Sicily's preservationists are part of that movement, helping to sustain a Mediterranean culture reaching back nearly 3,000 years.

The town of Piazza Amerina boasts the world's finest collection of Roman mosaics, including these of female athletes (left, with architect Filippo Speranza) and an African safari (below). Both were found during excavation of a fourth-century villa.

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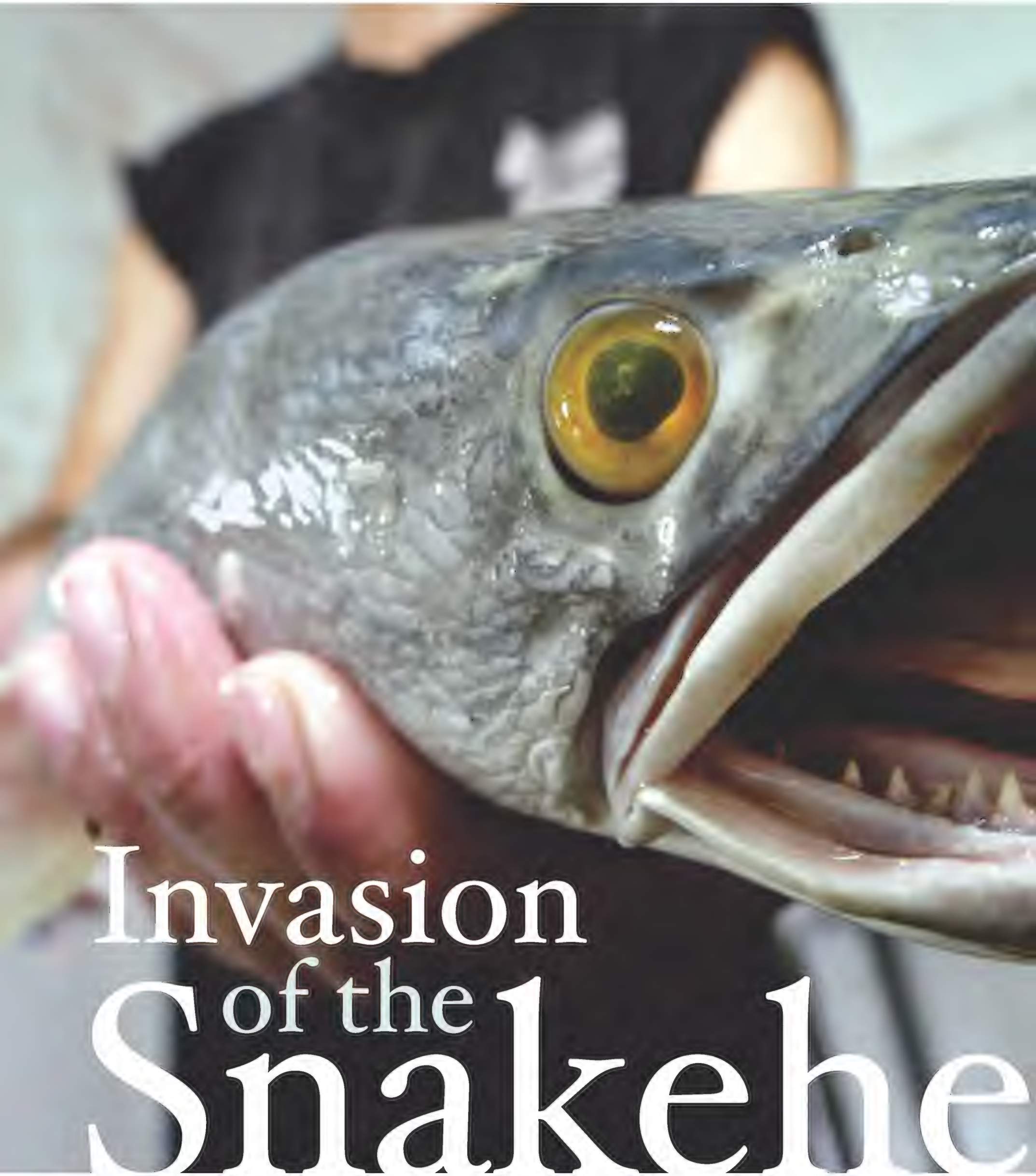


# Invasion of the Snakehe

The voracious "Frankenfish" has turned up in the Potomac River, Lake Michigan and a California lake, sparking fears of an ecological Armageddon. But is the Asian import a monster—or the victim of monster hype?

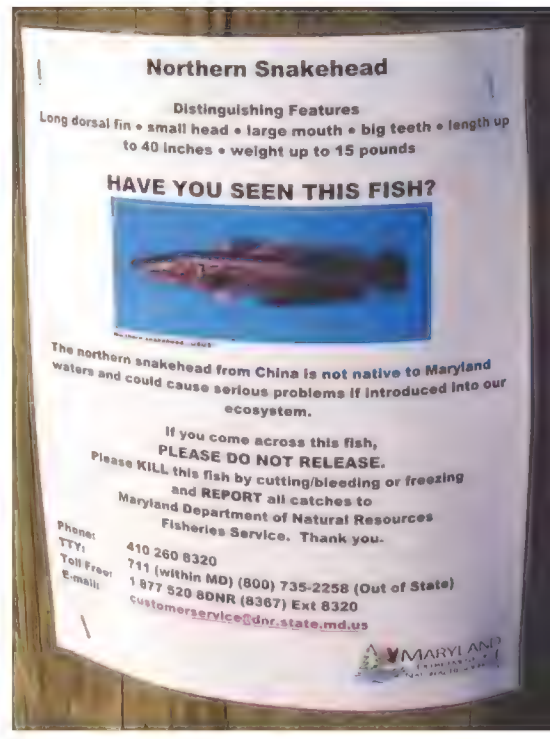
*BY HELEN FIELDS*

THE SCENE IS a sheriff's office near a mountain lake, where a hunter and his dog have been found dead. The sheriff sets a bright orange hunting vest on his desk in front of an anxious woman. She nods, identifying it as her husband's. "He loved that dog," she says, crying.

"Listen, Norma," the sheriff says. "If there's anything at all that I can do, you tell me."

"You can find the animal that did this and send it straight to hell. You can do that."

The culprit in the Sci Fi Channel's made-for-TV movie *Snakehead Terror* turns out to be a lakeful of monster fish. This star turn is fitting for the toothy "Frankenfish" that has generated many hair-raising newspaper and television news stories—the northern snakehead.


Northern Snakehead
Distinguishing Features
Long dorsal fin • small head • large mouth • big teeth • length up to 40 inches • weight up to 15 pounds
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS FISH?
The northern snakehead from China is not native to Maryland waters and could cause serious problems if introduced into our ecosystem.
If you come across this fish,
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Please KILL this fish by cutting/bleeding or freezing and REPORT all catches to
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Fisheries Service. Thank you.
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Toll Free: 1 877 520 8DNR (8367) Ext 8320
E-mail: customerservice@dnr.state.md.us
MARYLAND

Snakeheads (left, a giant snakehead in Singapore) so worry U.S. scientists they've gone to great lengths (a wanted poster in Maryland in 2004) to stop the invaders.

In addition to inspiring filmmakers, the snakehead's appearance in North American waters in the past few years has worried wildlife biologists and commercial and sport fishermen. They fear that it will invade new rivers, multiply rampantly and edge out other species.

The northern snakehead is native to Asia and is one of 29 snakehead species. It made its national news debut in 2002, after an angler at a pond behind a strip mall in Crofton, Maryland, caught a long, skinny fish, about 18 inches from end to end, that neither he nor his fishing buddy recognized. They photographed the fish before throwing it back; a month later, one of them took the picture to the Maryland Department of Natural Resources (DNR). An agency biologist e-mailed the picture to fish experts, who told Maryland it had a snakehead on its hands.

It was after another angler caught a snakehead in the same pond and netted some babies that all hell broke loose. National newspaper and TV news reports described snake-

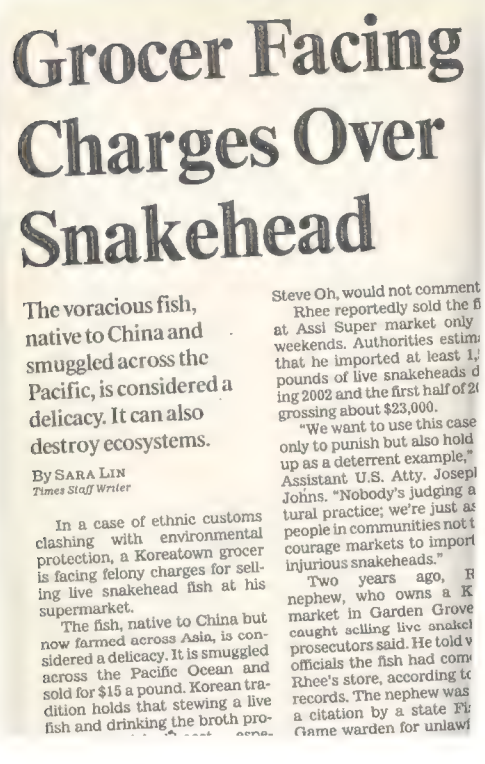
heads as vicious predators that would eat every fish in a pond, then waddle across land to another body of water and clean *it* out. A reporter from the *Baltimore Sun* called it "a companion for the Creature from the Black Lagoon." The scariest reports, fortunately, turned out to be mistaken. While some species of snakeheads can indeed wriggle long distances across the ground, the northern snakehead—the only species found in the Crofton pond—appears not to be one of them. But northern snakeheads do like to eat other fish, and a heavy rain could conceivably wash one or more from the pond into a nearby river that runs through a National Wildlife Refuge and into the Chesapeake Bay, the largest estuary in North America. To eliminate the snakehead menace, Maryland wildlife officials dumped the pesticide rotenone into the Crofton pond, killing all of its fish. Six adult snakeheads went belly up—as did more than 1,000 juveniles. Problem solved. Or so it appeared.

Two years later, northern snakeheads fulfilled biologists' worst fear and showed up in the Potomac River. Experts worried that snakeheads in the Potomac, by eating other fish or outcompeting them for food, could drive down numbers of more desirable species, such as shad or largemouth bass. You can dump poison in a little, enclosed pond, but you can't poison the Potomac. It's a wide, shallow river that originates in West Virginia and runs 380 miles before emptying into the Chesapeake. The bay fuels the region's economy through recreation and fishing. Snakeheads couldn't survive in the mildly salty water of the bay, but they could scarf down shad, fish that spawn in the Potomac and other freshwater tributaries. Millions of dollars have already been spent on fish stocking, dam modifications and other projects to help the shad, which used to be plentiful enough to support a commercial fishery in the bay.

Biologists at a pond in Crofton, Maryland, found more than 1,000 juvenile northern snakeheads (above, a Crofton snakehead). News reports and a made-for-TV movie have embellished the fish's reputation.

Besides Crofton and the Potomac, the fish have popped up in several other places in the United States. In 1997, one was caught in a Southern California lake. A couple more appeared in Florida waters in 2000. In Massachusetts, one was caught in 2001 and a second in 2004. And in July 2004, an angler caught two in a lake in a Philadelphia park. Like the Crofton fish, the Philadelphia ones had settled in and started reproducing. But unlike the Crofton fish, they had access to a river—the Schuylkill, which feeds into the Delaware. Moreover, tidal gates that normally keep fish in the park had been stuck open for two years. Philadelphia fisheries managers decided that poisoning or draining the park's interconnected ponds would cause more harm to resident fish than the snakeheads would, and have resigned themselves to snakeheads becoming a new member of the park's ecosystem. The most recent surprise appearance was this past October when a northern snakehead was pulled out of Lake Michigan. The catch has raised fears that the voracious predator might take over the Great Lakes.

THE NORTHERN SNAKEHEAD, which is native to parts of China, far eastern Russia and the Korean peninsula, may seem plug-ugly to the undiscerning eye—it has big, pointy teeth and, given its particularly heavy mucus covering, a slime problem. It can grow



Grocer Facing Charges Over Snakehead

The voracious fish, native to China and smuggled across the Pacific, is considered a delicacy. It can also destroy ecosystems.

By Sara Lin
Times Staff Writer

In a case of ethnic customs clashing with environmental protection, a Koreatown grocer is facing felony charges for selling live snakehead fish at his supermarket.

The fish, native to China but now farmed across Asia, is considered a delicacy. It is smuggled across the Pacific Ocean and sold for $15 a pound. Korean tradition holds that stewing a live fish and drinking the broth pro-

Steve Oh, would not comment
Rhee reportedly sold the fi
at Assi Super market only
weekends. Authorities estim
that he imported at least 1,
pounds of live snakeheads d
ing 2002 and the first half of 2
grossing about $23,000.
"We want to use this case
only to punish but also hold
up as a deterrent example,"
Assistant U.S. Atty. Josepl
Johns. "Nobody's judging a
tural practice; we're just as
people in communities not t
courage markets to import
injurious snakeheads."
Two years ago, R
nephew, who owns a K
market in Garden Grove
caught selling live snakel
prosecutors said. He told v
officials the fish had com
Rhee's store, according to
records. The nephew was
a citation by a state Fi
Game warden for unlawi

Snakehead:
Big appetite,
big threat

Dreaded predator found in lake

By Michael Hawthorne
Tribune staff reporter

The fish pulled out of Burnham Harbor was so strange looking that the angler who caught it posted its picture on the Internet.

Long and slender, with a grotesque mouth full of razor-sharp teeth, the creature at first glance looked like a mottled

Asian fish spawned a local scare

Bizarre land-walking snakehead found in Shrewsbury last year

By Beth Daley
GLOBE STAFF

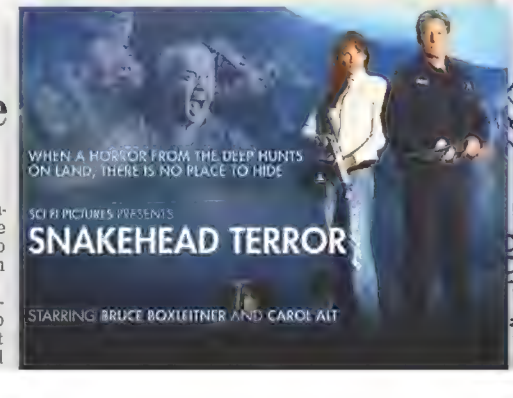
State biologists got a rude surprise when they pulled their nets from a Shrewsbury pond last October during a routine sampling mission: a voracious, land-walking fish whose aggressive habits raise fears that it could wipe out the fish population of entire lakes.

The northern snakehead, a native of Asia, is such a feared predator that the Bush administration on Monday said it plans to ban imports of the fish, which can survive out of water for up to three days. The snakehead in Newton Pond was quickly pickled. It now sits
Harvard museum shelf.

But the fish's presence in
England has some state offic
worried that the invader coul
living in some of the region's t
sands of freshwater lakes
ponds. Of greatest concern is
the snakeheads could reproduce
they've done in Maryland. A fem
snakehead there had more tha
hundred spawn that are now fe
ing on other fish.

In Massachusetts, there has been just the one report of a northern snakehead, which can grow to be up to 3 feet long.

"This one we caught in Shrews


WHEN A HORROR FROM THE DEEP HUNTS ON LAND, THERE IS NO PLACE TO HIDE
SCI FI PICTURES PRESENTS
SNAKEHEAD TERROR
STARRING BRUCE BOXLEITNER AND CAROL ALT

ALEX DORGAN-ROSS / AP PHOTO; LOS ANGELES TIMES, (MAY 23, 2004); © 10/15/2004, CHICAGO TRIBUNE COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. USED WITH PERMISSION; BOSTON GLOBE (JULY 24, 2002); POSTER: NBC UNIVERSAL; ERIC SMITH; P. 62 ED WRAT / AP PHOTO; P. 63 JAMES A. PARCELL / WASHINGTON POST

MATT HOUSTON / AP PHOTO

"If northern snakeheads build up large populations, they're really going to chow down on native fishes," says biologist Walter Courtenay. A snakehead caught this past spring in Pine Lake, in Maryland (workers on the lake search for snakeheads using electrical currents that stun fish), suggests that the Crofton fish would not be the last of the state's snakeheads.

up to five feet long. Like its reptilian namesake, it's long and slender and can sport blotchy snakelike patterns on its skin. Unlike most fish, the northern snakehead has little sacs above its gills that function almost like lungs; the fish can surface and suck air into the sacs, then draw oxygen from the stored air as it swims. The air sacs are handy for surviving in waters that are low in oxygen, and even allow the fish to survive out of water for a couple of days, as long as it doesn't dry out. A female lays thousands of eggs at a time, and both parents guard their offspring in a large nest they make in a clearing of aquatic plants.

Northern snakeheads are a popular food in their native range; they're said to be good eating, particularly in watercress soup, if a bit bony. They're fished commercially and raised in fish farms in Asia. They've also been sold live in markets in the United States. The Crofton snakeheads were eventually traced to a Maryland man who'd bought two of the fish in New York City for his sister to eat. When she demurred, he kept them in his aquarium and later released them. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service soon banned the importation and interstate transport of snakeheads, a plan that had already been in the works precisely because of fears that some snakehead species could thrive in parks, rivers and lakes if they got loose. The ban made it illegal to import all live snakehead species, including the colorful tropical species that populate the odd aquarium. Virginia has outlawed the possession of all snakeheads.

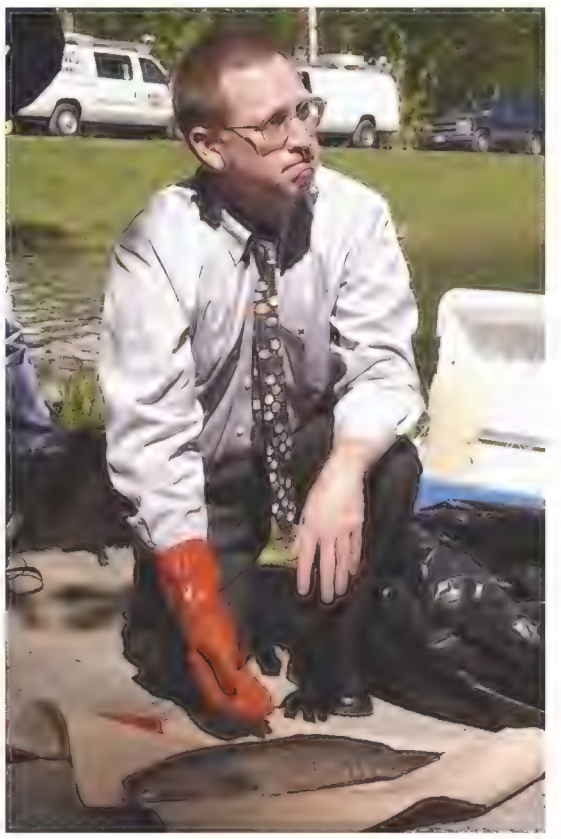
But the bans haven't stopped everyone. A Los Angeles grocer was arrested this past May for allegedly smuggling live northern snakeheads into the country from Korea and selling them in his store; he pleaded guilty to importing an injurious species. U.S. fans of snakehead soup and other delicacies, however, may still legally obtain killed, frozen snakeheads, which are available in many of the Asian markets that once sold them live.

ONE DAY THIS PAST APRIL, an angler caught a feisty northern snakehead in Pine Lake, in Wheaton, Maryland, outside Washington, D.C. Local officials drained the lake but found no more snakeheads. Then, like an ecological game of Whac-a-Mole, another northern snakehead reared its toothy head the very next week when a professional bass fisherman pulled a 12 1/2-incher from Little Hunting Creek, a Potomac tributary in Virginia about 15 miles south of the nation's capital. Biologists tried using nets to capture snakeheads in the river, but eventually decided that a better way

*HELEN FIELDS, a reporter for* U. S. News & World Report, *caught her first bass (but no snakeheads) while researching this story.*

would be to let anglers go at the fish with plain old hooks and lines—which led to one of the odder fishing tournaments in recent memory.

On an overcast Friday morning in July, I joined a few dozen anglers at Columbia Island Marina in Arlington, Virginia, across a narrow channel from the Pentagon. The 2004 Snakehead Roundup was about to get under way. The roundup was sponsored by the Marina Operators Association of America to remind boat owners to take care not to transport unwanted species from one place to another—as hitchhikers on their boats or trailers, for example—and to let them know what northern snakeheads look like. Although 16 adult snakeheads had been caught in the Potomac by that time, no one knew whether they'd been born there or whether someone had just tossed them in—or even how common they were.



Despite recent catches, biologist Steve Early (at Pine Lake, in Maryland, in 2004 with a northern snakehead) holds out hope that the fish were dumped in local waters only recently and have not established themselves in the wild.

I tagged along in a 19-foot white-and-blue ski boat with three managers from a family-owned company whose boss didn't seem to mind that the information technology division was running itself that day. "We're conducting an off-site meeting," software designer Brian Turnbull explained. Turnbull's father-in-law, who is Vietnamese, asked him to bring a snakehead home. "He says if you catch one, you don't have to hand it over to the state. It's a delicacy." Fortunately, Turnbull wasn't required to choose between duty to family or to society because he didn't catch a snakehead. Neither did anyone else on the boat, and neither, we found out when we later pulled up at the marina, did anyone else in the roundup.

A few weeks later, John Odenkirk, a biologist from the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries, seemed to be imitating the sheriff in *Snakehead Terror*, who kills his murderous lakeful of snakeheads by electrocuting them with a downed power line. Odenkirk, driving an aluminum boat through Dogue Creek, a Potomac tributary, was "electrofishing," which involved running about 1,000 volts through a boom that protruded from the bow and trailed wires in the water like tentacles. "High voltage . . . The next best thing to explosives," read the small print on the back of Odenkirk's green "Snakehead Task Force" T-shirt, which he designed to sell to colleagues for $12 apiece.

Electrofishing, a common sampling method in fisheries research, isn't meant to kill fish. But it may knock them out for a while. (It's not considered sporting and requires a special permit.) Odenkirk nosed the boat in and out of the empty slips at the Mount Vernon Yacht Club a couple of miles downriver from Little Hunting Creek. Tiny fish leapt out of the water as others lolled gracelessly on their backs, stunned, just below the surface. Biologist Steve Owens and technician Scott Herrmann leaned over the bow clutching long-handled nets. A fish's response to the electrical current depends on its skeletal structure, scales, size and how close it is to the wires. "Snakeheads are—they're kind of bad-asses," Odenkirk said. "They don't like the juice and they try to avoid it." Still, a snakehead that got close to the trailing wires would be stunned and surface, for Herrmann or Owens to snag. At least, that was the theory. We sped back up the Potomac past Mount Vernon to Little Hunting Creek, where the first Potomac snakehead was caught by a fisherman back in May. At the end of an hour and a half of electrofishing, the catch included many carp, several species of catfish, a bunch of goldfish, a long-nosed gar, a turtle—and zero snakeheads. Odenkirk said he's always conflicted after an unsuccessful day of snakehead fishing. On the one hand, he said, he was disappointed he'd failed to catch one. On the other, "you'd be happy if you never saw one again."

Though we didn't see any snakeheads that day, Odenkirk says he's sure the fish is established in the Potomac or soon will be. "It's just not even an option that we've caught them all." He says the fish probably nest in wide, shallow expanses of lily pads and wetlands. "We just can't get back in those areas."

But other officials say they're not convinced the fish are here to stay. Steve Early, assistant director in the fisheries service at the DNR, worked on the Crofton pond in 2002 and has handled some of the Potomac snakeheads. He thinks the fish were only very recently dumped in the river, perhaps after Virginia's 2002 ban on snakehead ownership. He points out that most of the snakeheads caught this year have been 2 to 6 years old, and that if they'd been living in the Potomac for years, surely someone would have caught one before. Early remained unpersuaded even after a baby snakehead was found in a Potomac tributary this past September. It was the 20th northern snakehead caught in the Potomac watershed, and the first juvenile. "Well, it's not good news," he says of the discovery, but points out that if some snakeheads do manage to reproduce, they may never thrive in the big river. Their future also depends on whether other fish in the Potomac develop a taste for snakehead fry.

For now, scientists are working on figuring out how the adults got there. It's a critical question—if the fish were just recently dumped in the river, there's a chance they'll die without having generated a self-sustaining population—but it will require more than a rod and reel or a stun gun to answer.

LESLIE E. KOSSOFF / AP PHOTO

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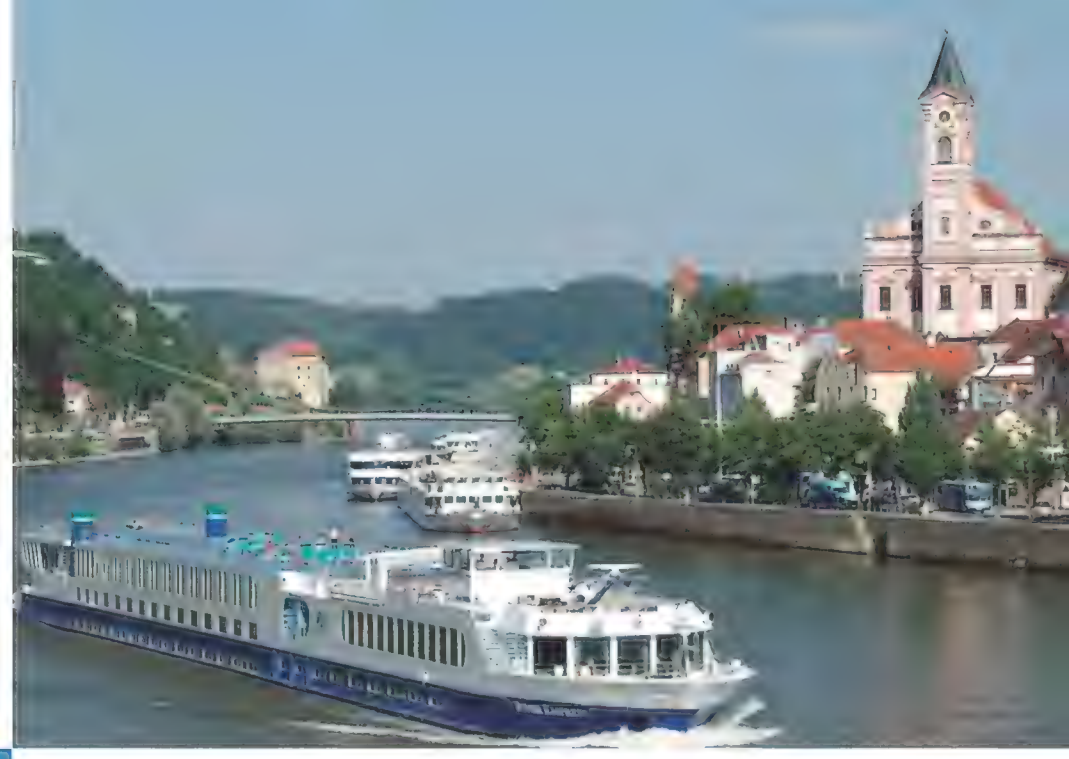

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BEHIND A DOOR at the National Museum of Natural History in Washington, D.C. rest specimens from the world's largest fish collection. Smithsonian ichthyologist Thomas Orrell walked down an aisle between rows of gray metal shelves containing jars with labels such as "China 1924." Orrell held up a jar marked *Channa argus*, the northern snakehead. "They're really beautiful fish," he said.

Orrell is trying to learn if the northern snakeheads caught this past summer in the Potomac were born there. He's analyzing DNA from 16 fish; if some of the Potomac specimens are closely related, it's likely that the fish bred in the river. If they're not kin, they were likely dumped in the river. Orrell is also comparing the DNA of Potomac fish with that of those caught in the Crofton pond, testing the idea that someone might have captured juveniles before the pond was poisoned and released them in the Potomac.

Orrell led me down a bare stairwell into the museum's basement, past sandbags piled near an entrance in case of heavy rain and a walk-in freezer that smelled of long-dead fish, containing, among other things, an enormous tuna frozen since the 1960s. He lifted the top of a nearby freezer chest, rooted around and pulled out a long, black lump. "Watch out for flying debris," he said, unwrapping a black garbage bag and scattering pieces of frozen blood. Inside was one of the most recent Potomac catches: a dark, diamond-patterned snakehead more than a foot long, now solid as a rock. After showing it off, Orrell shrugged, wrapped it up, laid it back in the freezer and washed his hands. He already knows whether the snakeheads are reproducing in the Potomac, but he isn't telling; adhering to scientific protocol, Orrell declines to share his data until they've been reviewed by other experts and published in a scientific journal.

The Smithsonian's Thomas Orrell (with a frozen northern snakehead from a Potomac tributary) is testing whether snakeheads caught in the river basin in 2004 are closely related; if so, the species is likely to be thriving there.

IF NORTHERN SNAKEHEADS do have some ecological impact in the Potomac, largemouth bass are likely to suffer, says U.S. Geological Survey fishery biologist Walter Courtenay, who in 2002 wrote a snakehead risk assessment for the agency. The two species have similar habitats and would probably eat each other's young. Capt. Steve Chaconas, one of only a few full-time fishing guides on the Potomac, does not like snakeheads one bit. "Of course, I'm worried about what potential it could have to impact the fishery," he says. "Also because I'm a businessperson and my business relies entirely on people coming here to fish." Even now, he says, customers ask how much the snakeheads have hurt fishing.

It's hard to estimate the extent of the snakehead's impact on largemouth bass and other Potomac species. The northern snakehead was introduced to rivers in Japan in the early 20th century, but there has been little study of its ecological effects there. (The largemouth bass, native to North America, was introduced to Japanese waters in 1925 and is reportedly terrorizing native fish and snakeheads alike.)

In southern Florida, a close relative of the northern snakehead, the bullseye or cobra snakehead, has been living for a few years in the canals of Broward County. The fish, which is native to rivers in South Asia and Southeast Asia, can grow to four feet or longer, but there are not yet enough data to know what effect the bullseye snakehead has had or will have on Florida ecology. Courtenay says the fish probably first got into Florida waters through ritual animal release, a common practice in East Asia that some immigrants have continued in their new land. (A study conducted in Taiwan in the 1990s, for instance, found that 30 percent of Taipei citizens—most of them Buddhists—had released animals as part of a prayer.)

Florida is home to dozens of introduced fish. Paul Shafland, a fisheries scientist with the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission, has worked with invasive fish for 30 years, but he isn't as troubled by them as most biologists. "We have philosophically, largely determined that exotics are inherently bad, and that's fine," he says. But, he adds, some introduced fish might fill up some part of the food web that was previously unoccupied.

In fact, introduced fish are just about everywhere. Rainbow trout, native to the western United States, have been transplanted into cold waters all over the Midwest and East. In the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, on the border between Tennessee and North Carolina, rainbows have taken over at least 70 percent of the native brook trout's ter-

KAY CHERNUSH

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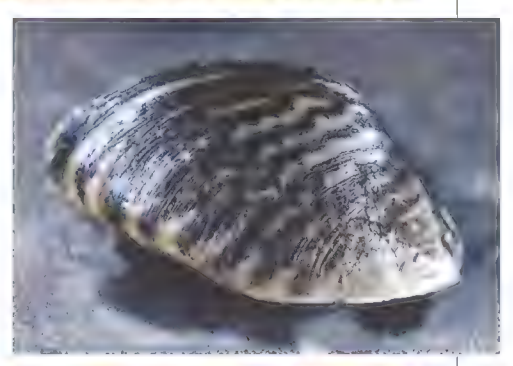
## There Goes the Neighborhood

If the northern snakehead does establish itself in the United States, it'll join a rogue's gallery of introduced species that threaten native plants and animals in and around water. Clockwise from top: A denizen of the East, the bullfrog now inhabits the West, where it eats more delicate local frogs. Nutria, imported from South America as a source of fur, devour plant roots in marshes along the Gulf of Mexico and the Chesapeake. Asian zebra mussels, accidentally carried into U.S. waters aboard ships, have caused more than $1 billion in damage to pipes in the Great Lakes and Mississippi River basin since 1988. Amazonian water hyacinths clog Southern waterways. Aggressive mute swans from Eurasia take over native waterfowl's feeding and nesting territories on the East Coast and Great Lakes.



ritory since the 1930s. In the late 1960s, the walking catfish, an Asian species that really can move over land, escaped into the Florida wild. They've walked their way into warm waters throughout the southern half of the state, without causing major damage so far, Shafland says.

Lake Michigan, says Philip Willink, an ichthyologist at Chicago's Field Museum, is also infested with nonnative fish. "Out of eight species of salmon here, six are introduced," Willink says. But, as in the Potomac, some native fish still hang on in the lake, and he says it's worth fighting new invasions. "We're just trying to preserve what is left, because once it's gone, it's gone." Since the Lake Michigan snakehead was found in a fairly deep harbor with little vegetation—an unlikely snakehead habitat—Willink surmises that the fish was probably just tossed into the water. Scientists did some electrofishing in the harbor to look for more snakeheads but didn't turn up any.

The Potomac is not the river it was when George Washington looked upon it from Mount Vernon and made good money selling native shad. Goldfish, carp, channel catfish—none is native to the river. The now-widespread common carp, brought over from Europe, was put in the river in the late 1800s. Carp stir up a riverbed and make the water too cloudy for some other fish. The largemouth bass, native to other U.S. rivers, was introduced into the Potomac in the 1800s. And the blue catfish, a sharp-spined transplant from the Mississippi River basin that arrived in the Potomac late in the 20th century, is a headache for fishery managers now, who fear it could interfere with the commercial fishing of channel catfish—which were introduced from the Mississippi basin decades earlier. Descendants of released pet goldfish flourish in the Potomac, as they do virtually all over the world.

But the other introduced species aren't the point; the native fish are, says Dan Simberloff, an ecologist at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. If the snakehead is different enough from the predators that natives have evolved with, it might drive some natives to extinction. It's hard to predict what will happen, though. "Most invasive species don't cause a huge amount of trouble, but some fraction of them do, and we haven't been too good at predicting that," he says. About the snakehead, he says, "I'm not optimistic."

CLIFF MAGNUS is a semiprofessional fisherman (he says he's been sponsored for the past ten years by "Team Spouse," a.k.a. his wife, a lawyer), but the attention he got from catching a snakehead last June in a Potomac tributary has brought him sponsors willing to pay his entry fees for bass tournaments. Magnus may have witnessed a seminal moment. He says he saw two northern snakeheads swimming around each other in Little Hunting Creek in late July. The fish were chasing and nipping at each other. The scene, which he described to some fisheries biologists, wasn't exactly the makings of a *Snakehead Terror* sequel, but it was definitely ominous. The way the biologists see it, the fish were getting ready to spawn.

*CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: SCOTT W. SMITH/ ANIMALS ANIMALS; CHARLES BUSH; SCOTT CAMAZINE; CATHY AND GORDON ILLG; KIT BREEN*

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# Savoring Pie Town

## Sixty-five years after Russell Lee photographed New Mexico homesteaders coping with the Depression, a Lee admirer visits the town for a fresh slice of life

*BY PAUL HENDRICKSON*

THE NAME ALONE would make a stomach-growling man wish to get up and go there: Pie Town. And then too, there are the old photographs—those moving gelatin-silver prints, and the equally beautiful ones made in Kodachrome color, six and a half decades ago, at the heel of the Depression, on the eve of a global war, by a gifted, itinerant, government, documentary photographer working on behalf of FDR's New Deal. His name was Russell Lee. His Pie Town images—and there are something like 600 of them preserved in the archives of the Library of Congress—portrayed this little clot of high-mountain-desert New Mexico humanity in all of its redemptive, communal, hard-won glory.

A photographer who focused on social topics, Russell Lee (above, c. 1942) died in 1986. Right: Pie Town's red, white and blue paint (in October 1940) was donated by Standard Oil, which had a gas station in town.

STORE
CRAIG & KEELE
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
CAFE
PIE TOWN

"Mr. Lee, of Dallas, is staying in Pie Town, taking pictures of most anything he can find."

Many were published last year in *Bound for Glory, America in Color 1939-43*. But let's get back to pie for a minute.

"Is there a particular kind you like?" Peggy Rawl, co-owner of Pie Town's Daily Pie Café, had asked sweetly on the phone, when I was still two-thirds of a continent away. There was clatter and much talk in the background. I'd forgotten about the time difference between the East Coast and the Southwest and had called at an inopportune hour: lunchtime on a Saturday. But the chief confectioner was willing to take time out to ask what my favorite pie was so that she could have one ready when I got there.

Having known about Pie Town for many years, I was itching to go. You'll find it on most maps, in west-central New Mexico, in Catron County. The way you get there is via U.S. 60. There's almost no other way, unless you own a helicopter. Back when Russell Lee of the Farm Security Administration (FSA) went to Pie Town, U.S. 60—nowhere near as celebrated a highway as its more northerly New Mexico neighbor, Route 66, on which you got your kicks—called itself the "ocean to ocean" highway. Big stretches weren't even paved. Late last summer, when I made the trek, the road was paved just fine, but it was still an extremely lonesome two-lane ribbon of asphalt. We've long licked the idea of distance and remoteness in America, and yet there remain places and roads like Pie Town and U.S. 60. They sit yet back beyond the moon, or at least they feel that way, and this, too, explains part of their beckoning.

When I saw my first road sign for Pie Town outside a New Mexico town called Socorro (by New Mexico standards, Socorro would count as a city), I found myself getting cranky and strangely elevated. This was because I knew I still had more than an hour to go. It was the psychic power of pie, apparently. Again, I hadn't planned things quite right—I'd left civilization, which is to say Albuquerque—without properly filling my stomach for the three-hour haul. I was muttering things like, *They better damn well have some pie left when I get there*. The billboard at Socorro, in bold letters, proclaimed: HOME COOKING ON THE GREAT DIVIDE. PIE TOWN USA. I drove on with some real resolve.

Continental Divide: this is another aspect of Pie Town's strange gravitational pull, or so I have become convinced. People want to go see it, taste it, at least in part, because it sits right on the Continental Divide, at just under 8,000 feet. Pie Town, on the Great Divide—it sounds like a Woody Guthrie lyric. Something there is in our atavistic frontier self that hankers to stand on a spot in America, an invisible demarcation line, where the waters start to run in different directions toward different oceans. Never mind that you're never going to see much flowing water in Pie Town. Water, or, more accurately, its lack, has much to do with Pie Town's history.

The place was built up, principally, by Dust Bowlers of the mid- and late 1930s. They were refugees from their busted dreams in Oklahoma and West Texas. A little cooperative, Thoreauvian dream of self-reliance flowered 70 and 80 years ago, on this red earth, amid these ponderosa pines and junipers and piñon and rattlesnakes. The town had been around as a settlement since at least the early 1920s, started, or so the legend goes, by a man named Norman who'd filed a mining claim and opened a general store and enjoyed baking pies, rolling his own dough, making them from scratch. He'd serve them to family and travelers. Mr. Norman's pies were such a hit that everybody began calling the crossroads Pie Town. Around 1927, the locals petitioned for a post office. The authorities were said to have wanted a more conventional name. The Pie Towners said it would be Pie Town or no town.

In the mid-'30s, something like 250 families lived in the surrounding area, most of them in exile from native ground gone arid. By the time Russell Lee arrived, in the company of his wife, Jean, and with a trunk full of cameras and a suitcase full of flashbulbs, the town with the arresting name boasted a Farm Bureau building, a hardware and feed store, a café and curio shop, a hotel, a baseball team, an elementary school, a taxidermy business. There was a real Main Street that looked a little like a movie set out of the Old West. Daily, except Sunday, the stagecoach came through, operated by Santa Fe Trail Stages, with a uniformed driver and with the passengers' luggage roped to the roof of a big sedan or woody station wagon.

Lee came to Pie Town as part of an FSA project to document how the Depression had ravaged rural America. Or as the *Magdalena News* put it in its issue of June 6, 1940: "Mr. Lee of Dallas, Texas, is staying in Pietown, taking pictures of most anything he can find. Mr. Lee is a photographer for the United States department of agriculture. Most of the farmers are planting beans this week."

Were Lee's photographs propagandistic, serving the aims of an administration back in Washington bent on getting New Deal relief legislation through Congress and accepted by the American people? Of course. That was part and parcel of the mission of the FSA/OWI documentary project in the first place. (OWI stands for Office of War Information: by the early '40s, the focus of the work had shifted from a recovering rural America to an entire nation girding for war.) But with good reason, many of the project's images, like the names of some of those who produced them—Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Arthur Rothstein, Ben Shahn, Marion Post Wolcott, John Vachon, Gordon Parks, Russell Lee—have entered American cultural myth. The results of their collaborative work—approximately 164,000 FSA/OWI prints and negatives—are there in drawer after drawer of file cabinets at the Library of Congress in a room I have visited many times. (Most of the pictures are now also on-line at

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Faro and Doris Caudill (top) spent ten years as homesteaders in Pie Town. "It isn't an easy life we got here," said Faro. "But we don't go hungry." Pie Town's Baptist church (above) hosted all denominations. Soon after Russell Lee got to town, he wrote to his boss Roy Stryker: "Next Sunday . . . they are having a big community sing—with food and drink as well."

"Farewell, old homestead. I bid you adieu. I may go to hell but I'll never come back to you."

http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/fsowhome.html.) Taken together, those images have helped define who we are as a people, or who we'd like to think we are; they amount to a kind of Movietone newsreel looping through our heads.

Lee took plenty of pictures in Pie Town of the deprived living conditions; he showed how hard it all was. His pictures weren't telling lies. And yet his pictures of people like the Caudills almost made you forget the deprived living conditions, forgive them, because the sense of the other—the shared food and good times at all-day community church sings—was so powerfully rendered. In front of Lee's camera, the Caudills' lives seemed to narrate the received American story of pluck and determination.

Never mind that I now also knew—in the so-called more rational and objective part of my brain—that the Thoreauvian ideal of self-reliance had foundered badly in this family. For Doris and Faro Caudill (and their daughter, Josie, who was about 8 when Lee took his pictures), the Pie Town dream became closer to a nightmare. Faro got sick, got lung trouble, the family moved away (just two years after the pictures were taken). Faro sought work in the city, Faro ran around. An acrimonious divorce ensued. Doris ended up married to another man for 39 years. She even went to Alaska to try the American homesteading dream all over again. There is a beautiful book published several years ago about the Caudills and their saga, but especially about Doris: *Pie Town Woman*, by Joan Myers, a New Mexico author.

In 1942, when Faro Caudill hitched the gate at his Pie Town homestead for the last time, he scrawled on the wood: "Farewell, old homestead. I bid you adieu. I may go to hell but I'll never come back to you."

And yet what you also get from Myers' book about Doris in her very old age, not long from her death, is a deep longing to be there again, to have that life again. She told the author she'd like to have hot and cold running water, though. "As old as I am, I like to take a bath now and then. We would take a bath on Saturday night. We had a number three bathtub. I'd get the water all hot and then I'd bathe Josie and then I'd take a bath and then Faro would take a bath. . . . You kind of wore the water out."

What happened in this dot of civilization, to go on with Pie Town's history, is that the agricultural dream dried up—quite literally. The good growing years lasted not even a generation. It was the water once more, a grapes of wrath anew, the old Western saga of boom to bust. Somehow, by the '50s, the climate had seemed mysteriously to shift, just as it had in the places abandoned earlier by those Okies and West Texans and Kansans. The winters became balmier. The snows wouldn't fall, not like they once did; the earth refused to hold its moisture for the spring planting. The corn and pinto bean fields, which two decades before had yielded rich harvests, as long as its tillers were willing to give to them the sunup-to-sundown work that they demanded, withered. And so, many of those once-exiled families found themselves exiled again. Some of them had already long moved on to cities, to jobs in defense plants and airplane factories. They'd gone to Albuquerque, to California, where the life was said to be easier, the paychecks regular.

But the town never died out entirely. Those who'd stayed behind made a living by any means they could: drilling wells, grazing cows, running mom and pop businesses, opening cafés called the Pie-O-Neer, recently reopened, or the Break 21. And new homesteaders always seemed to arrive, willing to try out the Pie Town dream.

THE HIGHWAY HAD ALREADY taken me through and around the parched mountains and mesas and across a vast moonlike tract from the Pleistocene age called the Plains of San Agustin. The land had begun to rise again, almost imperceptibly at first, and then rather dramatically. It was still desert, but the land looked more fertile now. That was mostly illusion.

I couldn't find any town at first. The "town" looked like no more than a wide spot in the road, with the Daily Pie Café and the post office and an art gallery just about the only visible enterprises. I just had to adjust my eyes, I just had to give it time—to find the drilling business, the realty office selling ranchettes, the mobile home campgrounds, the community center, the several churches, the fist of simple homes that stood along the old main street before they relocated U.S. 60, the long-closed old log hotel still standing on the old U.S. 60, home now to bats and spiders and snakes. Russ and Jean Lee had lodged there while he'd made his pictures.

I just had to look around to find the town cemetery—windblown, weedy, ghostly, beautiful. There were graves piled with stones, and under them were Americans who had lasted 90 and more years.

I walked into the offices of the Alegres Electric Company, a husband and wife operation owned by Judy and Bob Myers. They are both licensed electricians. The shop was in a little mud-dried house with a brown tin corrugated roof across the macadam from the Daily Pie. In addition to their electrical business, the Myers were also offering trail mix and soft drinks and flashlight batteries. "Hikers come through on the Divide," Judy explained. She was sitting at a computer, a classic-looking frontier woman with deep facial lines set in a leathery tan. She said that she and her husband had chased construction jobs all over the country, and had somehow managed to raise their kids while doing it. They'd found Pie Town four or five years ago. They intended to stick. "As long as we can keep earning some kind of living here," Judy said. "As long as our health would hold." Of course, there are no doctors or hospitals nearby. "I guess you could call us homesteaders," Judy said.

I encountered Brad Beauchamp. He's a sculptor. He had

During the 1930s and early '40s, Pie Town drew visitors to its annual autumn fair (top) with a rodeo, 4-H exhibits and, of course, pies. In 1980, the town started a pie-eating contest. Homesteader Jack Whinery and his family (above) lived in a "soddy"—a dugout home with log walls and sod roof. Electricity came to Pie Town in the 1940s; telephones, in the '60s.

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"I've worked real hard on . . . being calm out here," he said. "So are you calmer?"

topped 60. He was staffing the town Tourist and Visitor Information Center. There was a sign with those words in yellow lettering on the side of an art gallery. There was a big arrow and it directed me to the rear of the gallery. Beauchamp, instantly friendly, ten years a Pie Towner, is a transplant from San Diego, as is his wife. In California, they'd had a horse farm. They wanted a simpler life. Now they owned 90 acres and a cabin and an array of four-footed animals. They were making their living as best they could. Beauchamp, a lanky drink of water recovering from a bicycling accident, talked of yoga, of meditation, of a million stars in the New Mexico sky. "I've worked real hard on . . . being calm out here," he said.

"So are you calmer?"

"I've got such a long way to go. You know, when you come to a place like this, you bring all your old stuff with you. But this is the place. We're not moving."

Since the sculptor was staffing the visitor's center, it seemed reasonable to ask if I could get some Pie Town literature.

"Nope," he said, breaking up. "That's because we don't have any. We have a visitor information center, but nothing about Pie Town. We do have brochures for a lot of places in the state, if you'd like some."

Outside the post office, on the community bulletin board, there was a hand-scrawled notice: "Needed. Support from Community for Pie Festival. 1) Organize a fiddle contest. 2) Help set up on Friday 10 Sept." The planners of the all-day event were asking for volunteers for the big pie-eating contest. Judges were needed, cleanup committees. There would be the election of a Pie queen and king. Candidates for the title were being sought. Sixty-four years before, photographer Lee had written to his boss Roy Stryker in Washington: "Next Sunday at Pietown they are having a big community sing—with food and drink as well—it lasts all day so I'm going to be sure to be here for that." Earlier Stryker had written to Lee about Pie Town: "[Your] photographs, as far as possible, will have to indicate something of what you suggest in your letter, namely: an attempt to integrate their lives on this type of land in such a way as to stay off the highways and the relief rolls."

There had been no passage of years. It was as if the new stories were the old stories, just with new masks and plot twists.

AND THEN THERE WAS the Daily Pie. I've been to some restaurants where a lot of desserts were listed on the menu, but this was ridiculous. The day's offerings were scrawled in a felt-tip pen on a big "Pie Chart" above my head. In addition to regular apple, there was New Mexican apple (laced with green chili and piñon nuts), peach walnut crumb, boysen berry (that's the spelling in Pie Town), key lime cheesecake (in Pie Town it's a pie), strawberry rhubarb, peanut butter (it's a pie), chocolate chunk crème, chocolate walnut, apple cranberry crumb, triple berry, cherry streusel, and two or three others that I can no longer remember and didn't write down in my notebook. The Pie Chart changes daily at the Daily Pie, and sometimes several times within a day. A red dot beside a name meant that there was at least a whole other pie of that same kind back in the kitchen. And a 1 or a 2 beside a name meant there were just one or two slices left, and apparently wouldn't be any more until that variety came up in the cycle again.

I settled on a piece of New Mexican apple, which was a lot better than "tasty." It was zingy. And now that I've sampled my share of Pie Town's finest selections, I'd like to relay a happy fact, which is probably implicit anyway: at the Daily Pie Café—where so much of Pie Town's current life unfolds—they serve much more than pie. Six days a week they make a killer breakfast and a huge lunch, and two days a week they dish until 8 p.m., and on Sundays, the *pièce de résistance*, they're glad to work you over with one of those all-afternoon, old-fashioned turkey, ham or roast-beef dinners with potatoes and three vegetables that your grandmother used to make, the kind that got sealed lovingly in family albums and in the amber of memory.

For three days I took my meals at the Daily Pie, and as it happened, I became friendly with an old-timer named Paul Painter. He lives 24 miles from Pie Town, off the main road. Six days a week—every day that it's open—Painter comes in his pickup, 48 miles round trip, most of it by dirt road, arriving at the same hour, 11 a.m. "He's steady as a damn stream coming out of the mountain," said Mike Rawl, husband of Daily Pie Café pie chef Peggy Rawl, not to mention the café's greeter, manager, shopper, cook and other co-owner. Every day Painter puts in the same order: big steak (either rib-eye or New York strip), three eggs, toast and potatoes. He'll take two hours to dine. He'll read the paper. He'll flirt with the waitresses. And then he'll drive home. Painter is deep in his 70s. His wife died years ago, his kids live away. He told me that he spends every day and night alone, except for those several hours at the café. "Only way I know what day of the week it is, is from a little calendar I keep right by the light bulb in my bedroom," he said. "Every night I reach over and make a check. And then I turn out the light."

Said Rawl one day in his café, after the rush of customers: "I've thought about it a lot. I think the very same impulses that brought the homesteaders out here brought us out. My family. They had the Dust Bowl. Here you've got to come out and buy a tax license and deal with insurance and government regulations. But it's the same thing. It's about freedom, the freedom to leave one place and try to make it in another. For them their farms got buried in sand. They had to leave. Back in Maryland it never really seemed like it was for us. And I don't mean for us, exactly. You're helping peo-

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Aricept is well tolerated but may not be for everyone. Some people may have nausea, diarrhea, not sleep well, or vomit. Some people may have muscle cramps, feel very tired, or may not want to eat. In studies, these side effects were usually mild and went away over time. People at risk for stomach ulcers or who take certain other medicines should tell their doctors because serious stomach problems, such as bleeding, may get worse. Some people who take Aricept may experience fainting.

Please see additional important product information on next page.

[1] IMS MAT/June/04 (MPFARI – June/04 database).

# ARICEPT® (Donepezil Hydrochloride Tablets)

Brief Summary—see package insert for full prescribing information. **INDICATIONS AND USAGE** ARICEPT® is indicated for the treatment of mild to moderate dementia of the Alzheimer's type. **CONTRAINDICATIONS** ARICEPT® is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to donepezil hydrochloride or to piperidine derivatives. **WARNINGS** ***Anesthesia:*** ARICEPT®, as a cholinesterase inhibitor, is likely to exaggerate succinylcholine-type muscle relaxation during anesthesia. ***Cardiovascular Conditions:*** Because of their pharmacological action, cholinesterase inhibitors may have vagotonic effects on the sinoatrial and atrioventricular nodes. This effect may manifest as bradycardia or heart block in patients both with and without known underlying cardiac conduction abnormalities. Syncopal episodes have been reported in association with the use of ARICEPT®. ***Gastrointestinal Conditions:*** Through their primary action, cholinesterase inhibitors may be expected to increase gastric acid secretion due to increased cholinergic activity. Therefore, patients should be monitored closely for symptoms of active or occult gastrointestinal bleeding, especially those at increased risk for developing ulcers, e.g., those with a history of ulcer disease or those receiving concurrent nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDS). Clinical studies of ARICEPT® have shown no increase, relative to placebo, in the incidence of either peptic ulcer disease or gastrointestinal bleeding. ARICEPT®, as a predictable consequence of its pharmacological properties, has been shown to produce diarrhea, nausea and vomiting. These effects, when they occur, appear more frequently with the 10 mg/day dose than with the 5 mg/day dose. In most cases, these effects have been mild and transient, sometimes lasting one to three weeks, and have resolved during continued use of ARICEPT®. ***Genitourinary:*** Although not observed in clinical trials of ARICEPT®, cholinomimetics may cause bladder outflow obstruction. ***Neurological Conditions:*** Seizures: Cholinomimetics are believed to have some potential to cause generalized convulsions. However, seizure activity also may be a manifestation of Alzheimer's Disease. ***Pulmonary Conditions:*** Because of their cholinomimetic actions, cholinesterase inhibitors should be prescribed with care to patients with a history of asthma or obstructive pulmonary disease. **PRECAUTIONS Drug-Drug Interactions** (see Clinical Pharmacology: Clinical Pharmacokinetics' Drug-drug Interactions) ***Effect of ARICEPT® on the Metabolism of Other Drugs:*** No *in vivo* clinical trials have investigated the effect of ARICEPT® on the clearance of drugs metabolized by CYP 3A4 (e.g. cisapride, terfenadine) or by CYP 2D6 (e.g. imipramine). However, *in vitro* studies show a low rate of binding to these enzymes (mean $K_i$ about 50–130 µM), that given the therapeutic plasma concentrations of donepezil (164 nM), indicates little likelihood of interference. Whether ARICEPT® has any potential for enzyme induction is not known. Formal pharmacokinetic studies evaluated the potential of ARICEPT® for interaction with theophylline, cimetidine, warfarin, digoxin and ketoconazole. No effects of ARICEPT® on the pharmacokinetics of these drugs were observed. ***Effect of Other Drugs on the Metabolism of ARICEPT®:*** Ketoconazole and quinidine, inhibitors of CYP450, 3A4 and 2D6, respectively, inhibit donepezil metabolism *in vitro*. Whether there is a clinical effect of quinidine is not known. In a 7-day crossover study in 18 healthy volunteers, ketoconazole (200 mg q.d.) increased mean donepezil (5 mg q.d.) concentrations ($AUC_{0-24}$ and $C_{max}$) by 36%. The clinical relevance of this increase in concentration is unknown. Inducers of CYP 2D6 and CYP 3A4 (e.g., phenytoin, carbamazepine, dexamethasone, rifampin, and phenobarbital) could increase the rate of elimination of ARICEPT®. Formal pharmacokinetic studies demonstrated that the metabolism of ARICEPT® is not significantly affected by concurrent administration of digoxin or cimetidine. ***Use with Anticholinergics:*** Because of their mechanism of action, cholinesterase inhibitors have the potential to interfere with the activity of anticholinergic medications. ***Use with Cholinomimetics and Other Cholinesterase Inhibitors:*** A synergistic effect may be expected when cholinesterase inhibitors are given concurrently with succinylcholine, similar neuromuscular blocking agents or cholinergic agonists such as bethanechol. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility** No evidence of a carcinogenic potential was obtained in an 88-week carcinogenicity study of donepezil hydrochloride conducted in CD-1 mice at doses up to 180 mg/kg/day (approximately 90 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis), or in a 104-week carcinogenicity study in Sprague–Dawley rats at doses up to 30 mg/kg/day (approximately 30 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis). Donepezil was not mutagenic in the Ames reverse mutation assay in bacteria, or in a mouse lymphoma forward mutation assay *in vitro*. In the chromosome aberration test in cultures of Chinese hamster lung (CHL) cells, some clastogenic effects were observed. Donepezil was not clastogenic in the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test and was not genotoxic in an *in vivo* unscheduled DNA synthesis assay in rats. Donepezil had no effect on fertility in rats at doses up to 10 mg/kg/day (approximately 8 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis). **Pregnancy** ***Pregnancy Category C:*** Teratology studies conducted in pregnant rats at doses up to 16 mg/kg/day (approximately 13 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis) and in pregnant rabbits at doses up to 10 mg/kg/day (approximately 16 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis) did not disclose any evidence for a teratogenic potential of donepezil. However, in a study in which pregnant rats were given up to 10 mg/kg/day (approximately 8 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis) from day 17 of gestation through day 20 postpartum, there was a slight increase in stillbirths and a slight decrease in pup survival through day 4 postpartum at this dose; the next lower dose tested was 3 mg/kg/day. There are no adequate or well-controlled studies in pregnant women. ARICEPT® should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers** It is not known whether donepezil is excreted in human breast milk. ARICEPT® has no indication for use in nursing mothers. **Pediatric Use** There are no adequate and well controlled trials to document the safety and efficacy of ARICEPT® in any illness occurring in children. **Geriatric Use** Alzheimer's disease is a disorder occurring primarily in individuals over 55 years of age. The mean age of the patients enrolled in the clinical studies with ARICEPT® was 73 years; 80% of these patients were between 65 and 84 years old and 49% of the patients were at or above the age of 75. The efficacy and safety data presented in the clinical trials section were obtained from these patients. There were no clinically significant differences in most adverse events reported by patient groups ≥65 years old and <65 years old. **ADVERSE REACTIONS Adverse Events Leading to Discontinuation** The rates of discontinuation from controlled clinical trials of ARICEPT® due to adverse events for the ARICEPT® 5 mg/day treatment groups were comparable to those of placebo-treatment groups at approximately 5%. The rate of discontinuation of patients who received 7-day escalations from 5 mg/day to 10 mg/day was higher at 13%. The most common adverse events leading to discontinuation, defined as those occurring in at least 2% of patients and at twice the incidence seen in placebo patients, are shown in Table 1.

**Table 1. Most Frequent Adverse Events Leading to Withdrawal from Controlled Clinical Trials by Dose Group**

| Dose Group | Placebo | 5 mg/day ARICEPT® | 10 mg/day ARICEPT® |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Patients Randomized Event/% Discontinuing** | 355 | 350 | 315 |
| Nausea | 1% | 1% | 3% |
| Diarrhea | 0% | <1% | 3% |
| Vomiting | <1% | <1% | 2% |

**Most Frequent Adverse Clinical Events Seen in Association with the Use of ARICEPT®** The most common adverse events, defined as those occurring at a frequency of at least 5% in patients receiving 10 mg/day and twice the placebo rate are largely predicted by ARICEPT®'s cholinomimetic effects. These include nausea, diarrhea, insomnia, vomiting, muscle cramp, fatigue and anorexia. These adverse events were often of mild intensity and transient, resolving during continued ARICEPT® treatment without the need for dose modification. There is evidence to suggest that the frequency of these common adverse events may be affected by the rate of titration. An open-label study was conducted with 269 patients who received placebo in the 15 and 30-week studies. These patients were titrated to a dose of 10 mg/day over a 6-week period. The rates of common adverse events were lower than those seen in patients titrated to 10 mg/day over one week in the controlled clinical trials and were comparable to those seen in patients on 5 mg/day. See Table 2 for a comparison of the most common adverse events following one and six week titration regimens.

**Table 2. Comparison of Rates of Adverse Events in Patients Titrated to 10 mg/day Over 1 and 6 Weeks**

| | No titration | | One week titration | Six week titration |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Adverse Event** | **Placebo (n=315)** | **5 mg/day (n=311)** | **10 mg/day (n=315)** | **10 mg/day (n=269)** |
| Nausea | 6% | 5% | 19% | 6% |
| Diarrhea | 5% | 8% | 15% | 9% |
| Insomnia | 6% | 6% | 14% | 6% |
| Fatigue | 3% | 4% | 8% | 3% |
| Vomiting | 3% | 3% | 8% | 5% |
| Muscle cramps | 2% | 6% | 8% | 3% |
| Anorexia | 2% | 3% | 7% | 3% |

**Adverse Events Reported in Controlled Trials** The events cited reflect experience gained under closely monitored conditions of clinical trials in a highly selected patient population. In actual clinical practice or in other clinical trials, these frequency estimates may not apply, as the conditions of use, reporting behavior, and the kinds of patients treated may differ. Table 3 lists treatment emergent signs and symptoms that were reported in at least 2% of patients in placebo-controlled trials who received ARICEPT® and for which the rate of occurrence was greater for ARICEPT® assigned than placebo assigned patients. In general, adverse events occurred more frequently in female patients and with advancing age.

**Table 3. Adverse Events Reported in Controlled Clinical Trials in at Least 2% of Patients Receiving ARICEPT® and at a Higher Frequency than Placebo-treated Patients**

| Body System/Adverse Event | Placebo (n=355) | ARICEPT® (n=747) |
|---|---|---|
| **Percent of Patients with any Adverse Event** | **72** | **74** |
| **Body as a Whole** | | |
| Headache | 9 | 10 |
| Pain, various locations | 8 | 9 |
| Accident | 6 | 7 |
| Fatigue | 3 | 5 |
| **Cardiovascular System** | | |
| Syncope | 1 | 2 |
| **Digestive System** | | |
| Nausea | 6 | 11 |
| Diarrhea | 5 | 10 |
| Vomiting | 3 | 5 |
| Anorexia | 2 | 4 |
| **Hemic and Lymphatic System** | | |
| Ecchymosis | 3 | 4 |
| **Metabolic and Nutritional Systems** | | |
| Weight Decrease | 1 | 3 |
| **Musculoskeletal System** | | |
| Muscle Cramps | 2 | 6 |
| Arthritis | 1 | 2 |
| **Nervous System** | | |
| Insomnia | 6 | 9 |
| Dizziness | 6 | 8 |
| Depression | <1 | 3 |
| Abnormal Dreams | 0 | 3 |
| Somnolence | <1 | 2 |
| **Urogenital System** | | |
| Frequent Urination | 1 | 2 |

**Other Adverse Events Observed During Clinical Trials** ARICEPT® has been administered to over 1700 individuals during clinical trials worldwide. Approximately 1200 of these patients have been treated for at least 3 months and more than 1000 patients have been treated for at least 6 months. Controlled and uncontrolled trials in the United States included approximately 900 patients. In regards to the highest dose of 10 mg/day, this population includes 650 patients treated for 3 months, 475 patients treated for 6 months and 116 patients treated for over 1 year. The range of patient exposure is from 1 to 1214 days. Treatment emergent signs and symptoms that occurred during 3 controlled clinical trials and two open-label trials in the United States were recorded as adverse events by the clinical investigators using terminology of their own choosing. To provide an overall estimate of the proportion of individuals having similar types of events, the events were grouped into a smaller number of standardized categories using a modified COSTART dictionary and event frequencies were calculated across all studies. These categories are used in the listing below. The frequencies represent the proportion of 900 patients from these trials who experienced that event while receiving ARICEPT®. All adverse events occurring at least twice are included, except for those already listed in Tables 2 or 3, COSTART terms too general to be informative, or events less likely to be drug caused. Events are classified by body system and listed using the following definitions: *frequent adverse events*—those occurring in at least 1/100 patients; *infrequent adverse events*—those occurring in 1/100 to 1/1000 patients. These adverse events are not necessarily related to ARICEPT® treatment and in most cases were observed at a similar frequency in placebo-treated patients in the controlled studies. No important additional adverse events were seen in studies conducted outside the United States. **Body as a Whole:** *Frequent:* influenza, chest pain, toothache. *Infrequent:* fever, edema face, periorbital edema, hernia hiatal, abscess, cellulitis, chills, generalized coldness, head fullness, listlessness. **Cardiovascular System:** *Frequent:* hypertension, vasodilation, atrial fibrillation, hot flashes, hypotension; *Infrequent:* angina pectoris, postural hypotension, myocardial infarction, AV block (first degree), congestive heart failure, arteritis, bradycardia, peripheral vascular disease, supraventricular tachycardia, deep vein thrombosis. **Digestive System:** *Frequent:* fecal incontinence, gastrointestinal bleeding, bloating, epigastric pain; *Infrequent:* eructation, gingivitis, increased appetite, flatulence, periodontal abscess, cholelithiasis, diverticulitis, drooling, dry mouth, fever sore, gastritis, irritable colon, tongue edema, epigastric distress, gastroenteritis, increased transaminases, hemorrhoids, ileus, increased thirst, jaundice, melena, polydipsia, duodenal ulcer, stomach ulcer. **Endocrine System:** *Infrequent:* diabetes mellitus, goiter. **Hemic and Lymphatic System:** *Infrequent:* anemia, thrombocythemia, thrombocytopenia, eosinophilia, erythrocytopenia. **Metabolic and Nutritional Disorders:** *Frequent:* dehydration; *Infrequent:* gout, hypokalemia, increased creatine kinase, hyperglycemia, weight increase, increased lactate dehydrogenase. **Musculoskeletal System:** *Frequent:* bone fracture; *Infrequent:* muscle weakness, muscle fasciculation. **Nervous System:** *Frequent:* delusions, tremor, irritability, paresthesia, aggression, vertigo, ataxia, increased libido, restlessness, abnormal crying, nervousness, aphasia; *Infrequent:* cerebrovascular accident, intracranial hemorrhage, transient ischemic attack, emotional lability, neuralgia, coldness (localized), muscle spasm, dysphoria, gait abnormality, hypertonia, hypokinesia, neurodermatitis, numbness (localized), paranoia, dysarthria, dysphasia, hostility, decreased libido, melancholia, emotional withdrawal, nystagmus, pacing. **Respiratory System:** *Frequent:* dyspnea, sore throat, bronchitis; *Infrequent:* epistaxis, post nasal drip, pneumonia, hyperventilation, pulmonary congestion, wheezing, hypoxia, pharyngitis, pleurisy, pulmonary collapse, sleep apnea, snoring. **Skin and Appendages:** *Frequent:* pruritus, diaphoresis, urticaria; *Infrequent:* dermatitis, erythema skin discoloration, hyperkeratosis, alopecia, fungal dermatitis, herpes zoster, hirsutism, skin striae, night sweats, skin ulcer. **Special Senses:** *Frequent:* cataract, eye irritation, vision blurred; *Infrequent:* dry eyes, glaucoma, earache, tinnitus, blepharitis, decreased hearing, retinal hemorrhage, otitis externa, otitis media, bad taste, conjunctival hemorrhage, ear buzzing, motion sickness, spots before eyes. **Urogenital System:** *Frequent:* urinary incontinence, nocturia; *Infrequent:* dysuria, hematuria, urinary urgency, metrorrhagia, cystitis, enuresis, prostate hypertrophy, pyelonephritis, inability to empty bladder, breast fibroadenosis, fibrocystic breast, mastitis, pyuria, renal failure, vaginitis. **Postintroduction Reports** Voluntary reports of adverse events temporally associated with ARICEPT® that have been received since market introduction that are not listed above, and that there is inadequate data to determine the causal relationship with the drug include the following: abdominal pain, agitation, cholecystitis, confusion, convulsions, hallucinations, heart block (all types), hemolytic anemia, hepatitis, hyponatremia, neuroleptic malignant syndrome, pancreatitis, and rash. **OVERDOSAGE Because strategies for the management of overdose are continually evolving, it is advisable to contact a Poison Control Center to determine the latest recommendations for the management of an overdose of any drug.** As in any case of overdose, general supportive measures should be utilized. Overdosage with cholinesterase inhibitors can result in cholinergic crisis characterized by severe nausea, vomiting, salivation, sweating, bradycardia, hypotension, respiratory depression, collapse and convulsions. Increasing muscle weakness is a possibility and may result in death if respiratory muscles are involved. Tertiary anticholinergics such as atropine may be used as an antidote for ARICEPT® overdosage. Intravenous atropine sulfate titrated to effect is recommended: an initial dose of 1.0 to 2.0 mg IV with subsequent doses based upon clinical response. Atypical responses in blood pressure and heart rate have been reported with other cholinomimetics when co-administered with quaternary anticholinergics such as glycopyrrolate. It is not known whether ARICEPT® and/or its metabolites can be removed by dialysis (hemodialysis, peritoneal dialysis, or hemofiltration). Dose-related signs of toxicity in animals induced reduced spontaneous movement, prone position, staggering gait, lacrimation, clonic convulsions, depressed respiration, salivation, miosis, tremors, fasciculation and lower body surface temperature. **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION** The dosages of ARICEPT® shown to be effective in controlled clinical trials are 5 mg and 10 mg administered once per day. The higher dose of 10 mg did not provide a statistically significantly greater clinical benefit than 5 mg. There is a suggestion, however, based upon order of group mean scores and dose trend analyses of data from these clinical trials, that a daily dose of 10 mg of ARICEPT® might provide additional benefit for some patients. Accordingly, whether or not to employ a dose of 10 mg is a matter of prescriber and patient preference. Evidence from the controlled trials indicates that the 10 mg dose, with a one week titration, is likely to be associated with a higher incidence of cholinergic adverse events than the 5 mg dose. In open label trials using a 6 week titration, the frequency of these same adverse events was similar between the 5 mg and 10 mg dose groups. Therefore, because steady state is not achieved for 15 days and because the incidence of untoward effects may be influenced by the rate of dose escalation, treatment with a dose of 10 mg should not be contemplated until patients have been on a daily dose of 5 mg for 4 to 6 weeks. ARICEPT® should be taken in the evening, just prior to retiring. ARICEPT® can be taken with or without food. **HOW SUPPLIED** ARICEPT® is supplied as film-coated, round tablets containing either 5 mg or 10 mg of donepezil hydrochloride. The 5 mg tablets are white. The strength, in mg (5), is debossed on one side and ARICEPT is debossed on the other side. The 10 mg tablets are yellow. The strength, in mg (10), is debossed on one side and ARICEPT is debossed on the other side. 5 mg (White): Bottles of 30 (NDC# 62856-245-30), Bottles of 90 (NDC# 62856-245-90) Unit Dose Blister Package 100 (10x10) (NDC# 62856-245-41). 10 mg (Yellow): Bottles of 30 (NDC# 62856-246-30), Bottles of 90 (NDC# 62856-246-90), Unit Dose Blister Package 100 (10x10) (NDC# 62856-246-41). **Storage:** Store at controlled room temperature, 15°C to 30°C (59°F to 86°F).

℞ only.

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"Pop" McKee (third from right in overalls, top) still lives in Pie Town, 65 years after Russell Lee took this schoolhouse photo, which includes McKee's sister and a cousin. In addition to her quilt-making prowess (this one featured the birds of 48 states), Mrs. Bill Stagg often hosted social gatherings and dances at her home, which boasted wood floors.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (2)

"Oh, we work harder, Peggy and I, than we've ever worked in our lives. But it's for us."

ple out. This place becomes part of the town. I've had people running out of gas in the middle of the night. (I've got a tank out back here.) You're a part of something. That's what I mean to say. It's very hard. You have to fight it. But the life here is worth the fight."

I went around with "Pop" McKee. His real name is Kenneth Earl McKee. He has a mountain man's untrimmed white beard. When I met him, his pants were held up by a length of blue cord, and the leather of his work boots seemed soft as lanolin. He had a little *heh-heh* caving-in-on-itself laugh. He has piercing blue eyes. He lives in a simple home not even 200 yards from where, in the early summer of 1940, a documentarian froze time in a box on a pine board elementary school stage.

Pop McKee, past 70, is one of the last surviving links to Russell Lee's photographs. He is *in* many of Russell Lee's Pie Town photographs. He is that little kid, third from right, in the overalls at the Pie Town community school, along with his cousin and one of his sisters. The kids of Pie Town are singing on a makeshift stage. Pop is about 8.

In 1937, Pop McKee's father—Roy McKee, who lies in the town cemetery, along with his wife, Maudie Bell—had driven a John Deere tractor from O'Donnell, Texas, toward his new farming dream, pulling a wagon with most of the family possessions. It took him about five days. Pop asked me if I wanted to go out to the old homestead. I sure did. "I guess we will then," he said, cackling.

"Life must have been so hard," I said, as we drove to the homestead. It was out of town a little ways.

"Yeah, but you didn't know it," he said.

"You never wanted a better life, an easier one?"

"Well, you didn't know no better one. A fellow doesn't know a better one, he won't want one."

At the homeplace, a swing made from an old car seat was on the porch. It was a log house chinked with mortar. Inside, the dinnerware was still in a beautiful glass cabinet. There were canned goods on a shelf. No one lived at the homeplace, but the homeplace still somehow lived.

"He had cows when he died," Pop said of his dad, who made 90 in this life.

"Did you tend him at the end?"

"He tended himself. He died right over there, in that bed."

All of the family was present that day, May 9, 2000. Roy McKee, having come out to Pie Town so long ago, had pulled each grown child down to his face. He said something to each one. And then turned to the wall and died.

Owners and operators of the Daily Pie Café, Peggy and Mike Rawl moved to Pie Town from Maryland with their son, Andy, in 1999.

DOUGLAS MERRIAM

**The meru danda, or the spine.**

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After a quarter century's effort, the wrap artist and his wife, Jeanne-Claude, blaze a saffron trail in New York City

*BY AMEI WALLACH*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY WOLFGANG VOLZ*

# CHRISTO DOES CENTRAL PARK

JANUARY 2003: The steel industry was in a slump. At the Charles C. Lewis steel processing plant in Springfield, Massachusetts, president Robert Cournoyer was facing the prospect of layoffs. Then the phone rang with what would turn out to be the largest order in the company's 118-year history. This has got to be a joke, Cournoyer remembers thinking.

The call came on behalf of New York City artists Christo and Jeanne-Claude, no last names. Cournoyer had never heard of them. On the phone, Vince Davenport, a contractor representing the artists, explained the couple's need to have ten million pounds of steel cut into 15,000 rectangular blocks, or bases. On these bases, the artists planned to erect 7,500 frames, or "gates," in Central Park. For 16 days starting on February 12, 2005, saffron-colored panels of nylon cloth would wave from these free-standing structures along 23 miles of park walkways. Then, everything—steel bases included—would be dismantled, melted or shredded and recycled. "The whole story was bizarre," says Cournoyer. "I don't care how you say it, that's what it was. It was hard to believe at first."

"Bizarre" is a word many people have used to describe the artists' gargantuan, short-lived projects, whether the 18-foot-high by 24½-mile-long "running fence" of shimmering white nylon they installed across Northern California ranchland in 1976, the 440,000 square feet of champagne-colored woven synthetic fabric they draped over the Pont Neuf bridge in Paris in 1985, or the 1,076,000 square feet of silvery

Over the past 40 years, Christo and Jeanne-Claude (above in Central Park in February 2004) have created 18 monumental, ephemeral installations around the globe. *The Gates: Project for Central Park, New York City* (opposite, in a 2003 Christo collage) goes on view for 16 days starting February 12. "Each one of our works is once in a lifetime and never again," says Jeanne-Claude.

The idea for *The Gates* dates back to 1979. Persuading skeptics, say the Christos (above, at right, in June 1980, making a pitch to the Architectural League of New York) is a critical part of their art. The process, they say, "gives all the soul, all the energy to the work."

polypropylene fabric in which they swaddled Germany's parliament building, the Reichstag, in 1995. Eighteen times in the past 40 years, Christo and his wife and partner, Jeanne-Claude, have created such large-scale, temporary artworks to mostly enthusiastic responses from spectators, and admiration—if sometimes grudging—from art critics.

"I came here expecting not much from the ballyhooed project and found myself swept up in it," *New York Times* critic Michael Kimmelman wrote of his visit to *Wrapped Reichstag, Berlin, 1971-95*. "'It' means the whole giddy affair—the revelers who turned the bleak fields around the Reichstag into Woodstock East, the art students who gathered to sketch the building, the street vendors, the posturing politicos." The effect was typical, he went on, in that "time and again," the couple's projects "have turned doubters into converts."

To the Christos, the whole process of seeking permissions and persuading skeptics—and, hopefully, astonishing them with the results—is as much a part of the project as the event itself. "The Christos insist on convincing people to allow them to carry their ideas out in places where daily life goes on," says Elizabeth Broun, director of the Smithsonian American Art Museum. "In that sense their work is entirely pathbreaking."

Christo calls the projects "irrational and absolutely unnecessary." This irrationality is linked, he says, "to freedom, which is a very important part of our work." To ensure that freedom, the artists themselves foot the bill for each endeavor—$15.2 million for *Wrapped Reichstag*, an estimated $21 million for the Central Park project—through the sale of Christo's drawings, collages and sculptures. The Christos do not accept grants or corporate underwriting; they live simply and frugally in a building they own in Lower Manhattan. "We don't buy diamonds, we don't have an elevator," Jeanne-Claude likes to say.

It usually takes years for the couple to persuade the community groups, landowners and government agencies to grant the requisite permits for a project. It is this laborious process, Christo says, that "gives all the soul, all the energy to the work. At the start we have some little idea, and then the permitting process gives the feedback. And this is so exciting because it is not invented by us."

Christo first drew a version of *The Gates: Project for Central Park, New York City* in 1979. Within a year, the artists were presenting the idea to politicians, arts groups and neighborhood community boards. Harlem, East Harlem and the Upper West Side boards voted yes; Fifth Avenue and Central Park South gave a thumbs down. The *New York Times* editorialized that "Central Park needs loving hands of restoration, not exploitation." Finally, in 1981, Gordon Davis, then commissioner of the New York City Department of Parks & Recreation, turned down the project; his 107-page document cited potential harm to a park still reeling from a decade-long bout with crime and neglect.

The artists went on to other projects but kept *The Gates* idea alive. "They would present their case nicely and politely," says current parks commissioner Adrian Benepe, then a Manhattan borough parks official and one of several whom the Christos consulted, "and I would explain to them why it wouldn't work."

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*New York City-based art critic AMEI WALLACH is co-directing a documentary film about American artist Louise Bourgeois. A retrospective of German photographer WOLFGANG VOLZ's work is at the Chelsea Art Museum in New York City through March 1.*

WOLFGANG VOLZ. © 1980 CHRISTO AND WOLFGANG VOLZ; P. 84 WOLFGANG VOLZ; P. 85 WOLFGANG VOLZ. © CHRISTO 2003

FOR MOST OF THE FOUR DECADES that the Christos have been New Yorkers, they have lived in a five-story, former factory in the SoHo district of Manhattan. Christo is a high-strung, wiry man with Albert Einstein hair and an air of dreamy disarray. Jeanne-Claude is a force of nature, with big hair dyed Raggedy Ann red, a taste for bons mots and a passion for precision. They call each other "Chérie" and "Mon Amour," particularly when they are quarreling.

When they first met in Paris in 1958, he was a struggling artist named Christo Javacheff. A refugee from Communist Bulgaria, he had smuggled himself out of the Communist bloc in 1957 at age 21 in a freight train, leaving behind his brothers, Anani and Stefan, mother, Tzveta, and father, Vladimir, a chemist in the textile industry.

Jeanne-Claude was the pampered stepdaughter of French general Jacques de Guillebon, a World War II hero. The couple shared not only an intense passion for life and each other, but they also bore similar emotional scars, his from privations endured under Communism, hers from having been shuttled between families while her mother, Précilda, served on the staff of the Free French Army. They had something else in common. "We were both born on the same day in 1935," says Jeanne-Claude. "Next June 13 we will be 140 years old."

They met after Jeanne-Claude's mother had asked Christo, who was then earning a meager living painting portraits, to paint her family. Soon the Guillebons were treating him like a son. Such acceptance, however, did not extend to his suitability as a husband for their daughter. When Jeanne-Claude moved in with Christo after the birth of their son (Cyril Christo, now a 44-year-old poet), Précilda severed contact with the couple for two years. They were married on November 28, 1962. "When we met, I was not an artist," says Jeanne-Claude. "I became an artist only for love of Christo. If he had been a dentist, I would have become a dentist."

In a maid's room in Paris that he used as a studio, Christo had been wrapping cans, bottles, telephones, even tables and chairs, in canvas, bedsheets or plastic—transforming the everyday into mysterious packages. For his first one-man show, in 1961 in Cologne, he wrapped a typewriter, a stove, a Renault car and two pianos. The works continued to grow in size and scope. In response to the recently built Berlin Wall, he and Jeanne-Claude blocked a Parisian street for hours in 1962 with an "iron curtain" of old oil barrels. In 1964, Manhattan gallery owner Leo Castelli invited Christo to show his work in a group exhibition. Enticed by the art scene in New York City, Christo and his family moved there that same year. The couple's projects got progressively bigger and more ambitious—they wrapped the Kunsthalle museum in Bern, Switzerland, in 1968, the Museum of Contem-

## RAPT PRESENCE

RUNNING FENCE, 1976

SURROUNDED ISLANDS, 1983

Critic and art historian Robert Rosenblum says the Christos "have revived the tradition of temporary pageants from the Renaissance—a kind of glamorous adornment to routine life that makes life better." Of their *Pont Neuf Wrapped, Paris* project (below), he says: "It was breathtaking. . . . Something you took for granted had suddenly been transformed by some magic wizard and the whole city looked different."

PONT NEUF, 1985

THE UMBRELLAS, 1991

WRAPPED REICHSTAG, 1995

JEANNE-CLAUDE. © CHRISTO 1976; WOLFGANG VOLZ. © 1983 CHRISTO AND WOLFGANG VOLZ; WOLFGANG VOLZ. © 1985 CHRISTO AND WOLFGANG VOLZ; WOLFGANG VOLZ. © 1991 CHRISTO AND WOLFGANG VOLZ (2); WOLFGANG VOLZ. © 1995 CHRISTO AND WOLFGANG VOLZ

On January 22, 2003, New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg (at lectern), an early fan of the project, announced that the City of New York had signed a contract with the artists (above, at left) to allow them to install their *Gates* project in Central Park.

porary Art in Chicago in 1969 and a mile-long stretch of coast outside Sydney, Australia, the same year. But it was two later projects—*Valley Curtain, Grand Hogback, Rifle, Colorado, 1970-72* and *Running Fence, Sonoma and Marin Counties, California, 1972-76*—and the documentary films about them, that put the Christos on the artistic map.

Jeanne-Claude remembers the struggles persuading ranchers to go along with stringing the nylon panels across their land for *Running Fence*. The couple had to explain the difference between art that depicts reality and art like theirs that uses the real world to create its own reality.

"I'll never forget, one of our ranchers had this typical ranch house with a bad painting of a sunset," says Christo.

"I said, 'I can see that you enjoy the sunset,'" interrupts Jeanne-Claude, who often doesn't let her husband finish a thought. "'But you do not tell your daughters to go look at the painting every night. You go out and you watch the real sunset.' And he said, 'I got it, I got it.'"

After the success of *Wrapped Reichstag* in 1995—five million people came to see the work and it received world-wide press coverage—the Christos redoubled their efforts to get approval for *The Gates* project. A friend persuaded philanthropist/financier Michael Bloomberg to visit their studio. Bloomberg was then on the board of the Central Park Conservancy, a group of New Yorkers who have given some $300 million for the park's restoration over the past quarter century and are responsible for its maintenance. After the visit, Bloomberg tried to persuade fellow members of the conservancy to endorse the project, but he got nowhere. Then two things happened. Terrorists attacked the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001, and two months later, Michael Bloomberg was elected mayor of New York City.

In the months following the attacks, tourists all but stopped coming to the city. For a new mayor facing a budget crisis, this was a problem that had to be dealt with at once. Among other initiatives, he directed Deputy Mayor Patricia Harris to arrange a meeting with the Christos. "New York was still very raw," she recalls. "We were trying to bring dynamic events and positive energy to the city."

The Christos turned to Vince Davenport, a retired general contractor, and his wife, Jonita, who had both worked on other Christo projects, to figure out the practical details of *The Gates*' construction. Vince determined that digging holes, as the Christos originally planned, would be too disruptive. "If you drill the rock, what do you do with all the soil," says Vince, "and then you have to put in new soil and plant it, and what do you do with electrical and sewer lines?" He telephoned Christo. "I know that aesthetically you won't like the idea," he remembers saying, "but what if we use weighted bases to support the poles? What if you tell them that there will be absolutely no holes in Central Park?"

Christo agreed, and planning for the project went forward. In June 2002, Central Park administrator Douglas Blonsky walked the park with the Christos, pointing out trees whose branches were too low for the proposed 16-foot-high gates and places where birds and wildlife would be disturbed. For the rest of that month, the artists—and their team of photographers, filmmakers, friends from other projects and the Davenports—traversed the park, measuring walkways and marking maps with placements for the gates. "We walked 100 miles and I went through three pairs of shoes," says Jeanne-Claude. "There are 25 different widths of walkways, so there are 25 different widths of gates."

By the time the Christos were ready for Vince Davenport

WOLFGANG VOLZ. © CHRISTO 2004

and his staff to create the final working maps for the project, they had reduced the number of gates from 15,000 to 7,500. And addressing a lingering concern that the autumn months, when the park was crowded, would be the wrong season for the project, they shifted the proposed dates for the installation to February. They also felt the saffron color would show off to best advantage then, against the trees' bare silver gray branches.

In January 2003, after a final round of negotiations, the City of New York and the Christos signed a 43-page contract for *The Gates* that included a $3 million fee to the city for the use of the park. Then what Christo calls the "hardware" stage of the project began. Vince Davenport decided that vinyl tubing (cheaper and sturdier than aluminum) would be best for the five-inch-square poles that would form the framework of the "gates." The poles would be set in, and anchored by, the steel bases. He then tested the frames and fabric by leaving them outside in all kinds of weather for eight months. As with each of their projects, the Christos also commissioned wind-tunnel tests.

Christo went to work producing drawings and collages of the project. At prices ranging from $30,000 up to $600,000 for the largest works, this art would underwrite the project, along with the sale of some of his earlier works. Meanwhile, Davenport placed an order for 15,000 steel bases, 315,491 linear feet of saffron-colored vinyl tubing, and 165,000 matching bolts and self-locking nuts. Wolfgang Volz, the Christos' photographer for more than three decades, ordered 1,092,200 square feet of saffron-colored ripstop nylon to be woven and sewn in his native Germany. And the Christos rented two industrial buildings in Queens, at $30,000 a month, to assemble and store *The Gates*' components.

At the Bieri-Zeltaplan factory in Germany, Maria Lehmann readies a panel of ripstop nylon, chosen because it's durable and reflects light. "We want to create a work of joy and beauty," says Christo.

By this time, some attitudes had shifted. Writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, Gordon Davis, the parks commissioner who rejected the proposal in 1981, said he anticipated that the project's "colorful, whimsical embrace of the restored landscape will make us stare, laugh, gasp, prance, gawk and say to no one in particular, 'Isn't the park wonderful?'" Of course it wouldn't be New York City without some carping. Henry Stern, who as parks commissioner under Mayor Rudolph Giuliani opposed the Christo project, fulminated in a newsletter last April that "no man's ego should be rewarded with 7,500 polyps on the city's finest natural landscape."

Out at the Queens facility last summer and fall, project director Jonita Davenport assembled a database of workers—from forklift operators to art students—who would be paid to work on *The Gates*. They'll be fed one hot meal a day during the installation, "on porcelain, not plastic," says Christo. "Real service, real everything; no fast-food mentality."

On January 3, movers and forklift operators were scheduled to start placing the bases at 12-foot intervals on green dots spray-painted onto the park's asphalt. The some 600 workers who will actually erect the gates will begin their training February 4. Most will be working with the Christos for the first time. Others, like Janet Rostovsky, a 62-year-old docent with the Museum of Contemporary Art in La Jolla, California, are veterans of other Christo projects. "You're like children together," says Rostovsky. "There's this unbelievable excitement and enthusiasm and awe at being part of it."

In early February, 60 flatbed trucks will begin carrying their saffron cargo through the streets of Manhattan. "The logistic is a nightmare, I don't even want to think about it," Christo says. "There will be trucks and cars and forklifts and people and dogs. We will try to be very agreeable to everybody using the park. We don't try to be annoying. But there could be big screaming. I cannot sleep. There are 7,500 gates and there are 7,500 chances to make mistakes."

On Monday, February 7, Rostovsky and the other workers will begin bolting gates to their bases and raising them into position. The saffron fabric panels will stay rolled up in orange cocoons until all the gates are in place. At first light on Saturday morning, February 12—weather permitting—workers throughout the park will open the cocoons. By noon, says Vince Davenport, "the park will blossom."

The 8 1/2-foot-long fabric panels will hang from the thousands of 16-foot-high frames straddling the park's walkways. To a visitor looking down from the sculpture terrace atop the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a saffron stream will appear to flow between the bare trees. "This is really an intimate project, truly built on a human scale," says Christo. "It is not big, not bombastic. It is something very private, and I love that."

WOLFGANG VOLZ. © CHRISTO 2004

In Uganda, tens of thousands of children have been abducted, 1.6 million people herded into camps and thousands of people killed: A dispatch from the world's "largest neglected humanitarian emergency"

*TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL RAFFAELE*

# UGANDA THE HORROR

AS THE LIGHT FADED from the northern Ugandan sky, the children emerged from their families' mud huts to begin the long walk along dirt roads to Gulu, the nearest town. Wide-eyed toddlers held older kids' hands. Skinny boys and girls on the verge of adolescence peered warily into roadside shadows. Some walked as far as seven miles. They were on the move because they live in a world where a child's worst fears come true, where armed men really do come in the darkness to steal children, and their shambling daily trek to safety has become so routine there's a name for them: "night commuters."

Michael, a thin 10-year-old wrapped in a patched blanket, spoke of village boys and girls abducted by the armed men and never seen again. "I can't get to sleep at home because I fear they'll come and get me," he said.

Around the time of my trip to northern Uganda this past November, some 21,000 night commuters trudged each twilight into Gulu, and another 20,000, aid workers said, flocked into the town of Kitgum, about 60 miles away. The children, typically bedding down on woven mats they'd brought with them, packed themselves into tents, schools, hospitals and other public buildings serving as makeshift sanctuaries that were funded by foreign governments and charities and guarded by Ugandan Army soldiers.

The children were hiding from the Lord's Resistance Army (LRA), a murderous cult that has been fighting the Ugandan government and terrorizing civilians for nearly two decades. Led by Joseph Kony, a self-styled Christian prophet believed to be in his 40s, the LRA has captured and enslaved more than 20,000 children, most under age 13, U.N. officials say. Kony and his foot soldiers have raped many of the girls—Kony has said he is trying to create a "pure" tribal nation—and brutally forced the boys to serve as guerrilla soldiers. Aid workers have documented cases in which the LRA forced abducted children to ax or batter their own parents to death. The LRA has also killed or tortured children caught trying to escape.

LRA rebels roam northern Uganda's countryside in small units, surfacing unpredictably to torch villages, kill people and kidnap children before returning to the forest. The LRA's terror tactics and the bloody clashes between the rebels and the army have caused 1.6 million people, or about 90 percent of northern Uganda's population, to flee their homes and become refugees in their own coun-

Each evening in northern Uganda, children by the thousands (above, three of the rescued) leave their huts to trek to safe havens (opposite, near Gulu) to avoid fanatical rebels.

try. These "internally displaced" Ugandans have been ordered to settle in squalid government camps, where malnutrition, disease, crime and violence are common. The international medical aid group Doctors Without Borders said recently that so many people were dying in government camps in northern Uganda that the problem was "beyond an acute emergency."

Word of the tragedy has surfaced now and then in Western news media and international bodies. U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan has called for an end to the violence in northern Uganda, and the U.N. has also coordinated food donations and relief efforts in Uganda. "The LRA's brutality [is] unmatched anywhere in the world," says a 2004 U.N. food program booklet. But the Ugandan crisis has been largely overshadowed by the genocide in neighboring Sudan, where nearly 70,000 people have been killed since early 2003 in attacks by government-supported Arab militias on the black population in the Darfur region.

The U.S. State Department classifies the LRA as a terrorist organization, and in the past year the United States has provided more than $140 million to Uganda; much of that is for economic development, but the sum includes $55 million for food and $16 million for other forms of assistance, such as AIDS education efforts and support for former child soldiers and formerly abducted persons. In May 2004, Congress passed the Northern Uganda Crisis Response Act, which President Bush signed in August. It does not provide for funding but urges Uganda to resolve the conflict peacefully and also calls for the State Department to report on the problem to Congress this month.

Despite some growing awareness of the crisis and recent small increases in assistance to Uganda from many nations and aid organizations, Jan Egeland, the U.N.'s Under Secretary General for Humanitarian Affairs, said in a press conference this past October that the chaos in northern Uganda is the world's "largest neglected humanitarian emergency." He went on, "Where else in the world have there been 20,000 kidnapped children? Where else in the world have 90 percent of the population in large districts been displaced? Where else in the world do children make up 80 percent of the terrorist insurgency movement?"

To spend time in northern Uganda and learn firsthand about the situation is to become horrified by the atrocities and appalled by the lack of effective response. "The tragedy here is that it's not an adult war, this is a children's war, these kids are 12, 13, 14 years old and it's despicable, beyond comprehension," says Ralph Munro, who was visiting Gulu (while I was there) as part of a U.S. Rotarian mission to deliver wheelchairs to the war zone. "The world better wake up that this is another holocaust on our hands, and we'd better deal with it. One day our kids are going to be asking us, where were you when this was going on?"

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SINCE ACHIEVING INDEPENDENCE from Britain in 1962, Uganda has suffered almost uninterrupted brutality. Armed rebellions, mostly split along ethnic lines, have wracked the population, now estimated at 26.4 million. Up to 300,000 people were murdered during Idi Amin's eight-year (1971 to 1979) reign of terror. It is said that Amin, who died a year and a half ago in exile in Saudi Arabia, ate some of his opponents and fed others to his pet crocodiles. "His regime goes down in the scale of Pol Pot as one of the worst of all African regimes," says Lord Owen, who was the British foreign secretary during Amin's rule.

Today, many Western governments regard Uganda as a qualified success from a development standpoint. It has made significant progress against AIDS, promoting condom use and other measures; since the mid-1990s, the prevalence of AIDS cases among Ugandans 15 to 49 years old has fallen, from 18 percent to 6 percent. Still, AIDS remains the leading cause of death of people in that age group. Many countries, including the United States, have applauded the willingness of soldier-politician Yoweri Museveni, the president since 1986, to accede to World Bank and International Monetary Fund dictates on free trade and privatization. Uganda claims a 6.7 percent average annual economic growth over the past ten years.

But that growth is largely confined to the south and Kampala, the capital city, which boasts office towers, fancy restaurants and flashy cars. Elsewhere, deep poverty is the rule. With a per capita income of $240, Uganda is among the world's poorest countries, with 44 percent of citizens living below the national poverty line. The nation ranks 146th out of 177 countries on the U.N.'s Human Development Index, a composite measure of life expectancy, education and living standard. Donor countries and international lending agencies cover half of Uganda's annual budget.

Museveni heads a corrupt regime in a nation that has

The plight of Uganda's young sanctuary-seeking "night commuters" (at a Gulu public school guarded by Ugandan Army soldiers) has received scant attention in the West.

MAP: MIKE REAGAN; P. 90 KAREL PRINSLOO / AP PHOTO

never seen a peaceful change of rule. He seized power at the head of a guerrilla army in a violent coup 19 years ago, and he has since stage-managed two elections. The U.S. State Department calls Uganda's human rights record "poor" and charges in a 2003 report that Museveni's security forces "committed unlawful killings" and tortured and beat suspects "to force confessions."

Museveni's suppression of the Acholi tribal people, who populate three northern districts, is generally cited as the catalyst of the LRA rebellion. Museveni, a Christian, is a member of the Banyankole tribe, from western Uganda, and the Acholi blame him for atrocities his forces committed when they came to power and for denying the region what they say is their share of development funds. In 1986, an Acholi mystic, Alice Auma "Lakwena," led a rebel army of some 5,000 aggrieved Acholis to within 50 miles of Kampala before being defeated by regular army forces. (She fled to Kenya, where she remains.) A year later, Joseph Kony—reportedly Lakwena's cousin—formed what would become the Lord's Resistance Army and pledged to overthrow Museveni. Since then, thousands of people have been killed in the conflict—no exact casualty figures have been reported—and it has cost the impoverished nation at least $1.3 billion.

IT TAKES FOUR HOURS, including a crossing of the roiling, whitecapped waters of the Nile River as it plunges toward a waterfall, to drive from Kampala to Gulu. Nearing the city, villages begin to disappear, replaced by vast, dreary government camps. Gulu is a garrison town, home to the Ugandan Army's battle-hardened 4th Division, and soldiers with assault rifles stroll along potholed footpaths or drive by in pickup trucks. Crumbling shops built of concrete line the main road. The day before I arrived, LRA fighters, in a trademark mutilation, cut off the lips, ears and fingers of a camp dweller two miles from the city center. His apparent crime was wearing the kind of rubber boots favored by government soldiers, arousing LRA suspicion that he might be one himself. The LRA went on to attack a refugee camp along Kampala Road, 15 miles away, abducting several children.

Over the years, about 15,000 of the children abducted by the LRA have managed to escape or have been rescued by Ugandan Army forces, says Rob Hanawalt, UNICEF's chief of operations in Uganda. Many former abductees are brought to Gulu, where aid organizations evaluate them and prepare them to return to their home villages.

The Children of War Rehabilitation Center, a facility run

The terrorist Lord's Resistance Army (leader Joseph Kony, top, at left, in 1994) has abducted, enslaved, raped and killed thousands of children over 18 years. Ugandan president Museveni (middle, with a burned LRA victim in 2004) has both waged war on the LRA and offered it amnesty. Captured LRA officer Banya (at a microphone in November 2004) urged former comrades to surrender on a radio program.

TOP: NEW VISION, UGANDA; PATRICK OLUM RS / ACM UGANDA LIRA / REUTERS

by World Vision, an international Christian charity, was hidden behind high shuttered gates, and walls studded with broken glass. Inside, one-story buildings and tents filled the small compound. At the time of my visit, 458 children were awaiting relocation. Some kicked a soccer ball, some skipped rope, others passed the time performing traditional dances. I saw about 20 children who were missing a leg and hobbling on crutches. One could tell the most recent arrivals by their shadowy silences, bowed heads, haunted stares and bone-thin bodies disfigured by sores. Some had been captured or rescued only days earlier, when Ugandan Army helicopter gunships attacked the rebel unit holding them. Jacqueline Akongo, a counselor at the center, said the most deeply scarred children are those whom Kony had ordered, under penalty of death, to kill other children. But virtually all the children are traumatized. "The others who don't kill by themselves see people being killed, and that disturbs their mind so much," Akongo told me.

One evening in Gulu at a sanctuary for night commuters, I met 14-year-old George, who said he spent three years with the rebels. He said that as the rebels prepared to break camp one night, a pair of 5-year-old boys complained that they were too tired to walk. "The commander got another young boy with a *panga* [machete] to kill them," George said. On another occasion, George went on, he was forced to collect the blood of a murdered child and warm it in a saucepan over a fire. He was told to drink it or be killed. "'It strengthens the heart,'" George recalled the commander telling him. "'You then don't fear blood when you see somebody dying.'"

In Gulu I met other former abductees who told equally ghastly tales, and as unbelievable as their experiences may seem, social workers and others who've worked in northern Uganda insist that the worst of the children's reports have been found to be literally true. Nelson, a young man of about 18, stared at the ground as he described helping to beat another boy to death with logs because the boy had tried to escape. Robert, a 14-year-old from Kitgum, said he and some other children were forced to chop the body of a child they had killed into small pieces. "We did as we were told," he said.

Margaret, a 20-year-old mother I met at the rehabilitation center in Gulu, said she was abducted by LRA forces when she was 12 and repeatedly raped. She said that Kony has 52 wives and that 25 abducted girls will become his sexual slaves once they reach puberty. Margaret, a tall, soft-voiced woman with faraway eyes who that day held her 4-year-old son in her lap, said she was the eighth wife of a high-ranking LRA officer killed in a battle last year. Sixteen-year-old Beatrice cradled her 1-year-old infant as she recalled her forced "marriage" to an LRA officer. "I was unwilling," she tells me, "but he put a gun to my head."

People describe Kony's actions as those of a megalomaniac. "Kony makes the children kill each other so they feel such an enormous sense of shame and guilt that they believe they can never go back to their homes, trapping them in the LRA," said Archbishop John Baptist Odama, the Roman Catholic prelate in Gulu and head of the Acholi Religious Leaders Peace Initiative, a Christian and Muslim organization trying to broker an end to the hostilities.

The highest-ranking LRA member in government custody is Kenneth Banya, the rebel group's third in command. He was captured this past July after a fierce battle near Gulu. One of his wives and a 4-year-old son were killed by helicopter gunship fire, but most of his 135 soldiers got away. Today Banya and other captured LRA officers are held at the government army barracks in Gulu. The army uses him for propaganda, having him speak over a Gulu radio station and urge his former LRA colleagues to surrender.

"The situation is disastrous," Archbishop John Baptist Odama (in Gulu in 2004) has said. "My people are very afraid." He backs the government's offer of amnesty to the LRA.

Banya is in his late 50s. When I met him at the barracks, he said he underwent civilian helicopter training in Dallas, Texas, and military training in Moscow. He claimed that he was himself abducted by LRA fighters, in 1987. He said he advised Kony against abducting children but was ignored. He denied that he ever ordered children to be killed or that he had raped young girls. Banya said that when he arrived at his first LRA camp, water was sprinkled on his bare torso and rebels marked him with crosses of white clay mixed with nut oil. "'That removes your sins, you're now a new person and the Holy Spirit will look after you,'" he recalled of his indoctrination.

When I relayed Banya's comments to Lt. Paddy Ankunda, spokesman for the government's northern army command, he laughed. Banya, he said, crossed over to Kony of his own volition. A government handout issued at the time of Banya's capture described him as the "heart and spirit" of the LRA.

The terrorist forces led by Kony, an apocalyptic Christian, could not have flourished without the support of the radical Islamic Sudanese government. For eight years beginning in

Thousands of the abducted children have escaped or been rescued (right, 13-year-old Steler, an LRA captive for two years, was reunited with her mother, Jerodina Ayenyo, in Gulu last November). Nearly all face enormous hardships.

1994, Sudan provided the LRA sanctuary—in retaliation for Museveni's backing a Sudanese Christian rebel group, the Sudan People's Liberation Army, which was fighting to gain independence for southern Sudan. The Khartoum government gave Kony and his LRA weapons, food and a haven near the southern Sudan city of Juba. There, safe from Ugandan government forces, Kony's rebels sired children, brainwashed and trained new abductees, grew crops and regrouped after strikes in Uganda. "We had 7,000 fighters there then," Banya told me.

In March 2002, the Sudanese government, under pressure from the United States, signed a military protocol with Uganda that allowed Ugandan troops to strike the LRA in southern Sudan. The Ugandan Army quickly destroyed the main LRA camps in Sudan. Kony then stepped up raids and abductions in Uganda's north; according to World Vision, LRA forces captured more than 10,000 children in Uganda between June 2002 and December 2003.

It was around then that Museveni ordered the Acholi population into the relative safety of government camps. "In April 2002 there were 465,000 in the camps displaced by the LRA," says Ken Davies, director of the U.N.'s World Food Program (WFP) in Uganda. "By the end of 2003 there were 1.6 million in the camps." At last count, there were 135 government camps. In my three decades of covering wars, famines and refugees, I have never seen people forced to live in more wretched conditions.

IN A CONVOY OF TRUCKS filled with WFP rations, and accompanied by some 100 armed Ugandan Army soldiers and two armored vehicles mounted with machine guns, I visited the Ongako camp, about ten miles from Gulu.

Ongako housed 10,820 internally displaced persons. Many wore ragged clothing as they waited for food in long lines in a field near hundreds of small conical mud huts. The crowd murmured excitedly as WFP workers began unloading the food—corn, cooking oil, legumes and a corn and soybean blend fortified with vitamins and minerals.

Davies told me that the WFP provides camp dwellers with up to three-quarters of a survival diet at an average cost of $45 a year per person, about half of it supplied by the U.S. Agency for International Development. The displaced are expected to make up the difference by raising crops nearby. The Ugandan government provides little food for the camps, Davies said. The leader of the camp residents, John Omona, said there is not enough food, medicine or fresh water. More than half of the camp residents are children, and World Vision officials say that as many as one out of five suffer from acute malnutrition. When I was there, many bore the swollen bellies and red-tinged hair of kwashiorkor, a disorder brought on by extreme protein deficiency, and I was told that many had died from starvation or hunger-related diseases. "The extent of suffering is overwhelming," Monica de Castellarnau of Doctors Without Borders said in a statement.

Benjamin Abe—a native Ugandan, an Acholi and an anthropologist at North Seattle Community College—said he was horrified by his recent visit to a displaced persons camp near Gulu. "It was inhumane, basically a concentration

camp," he said when we met last November in Kampala.

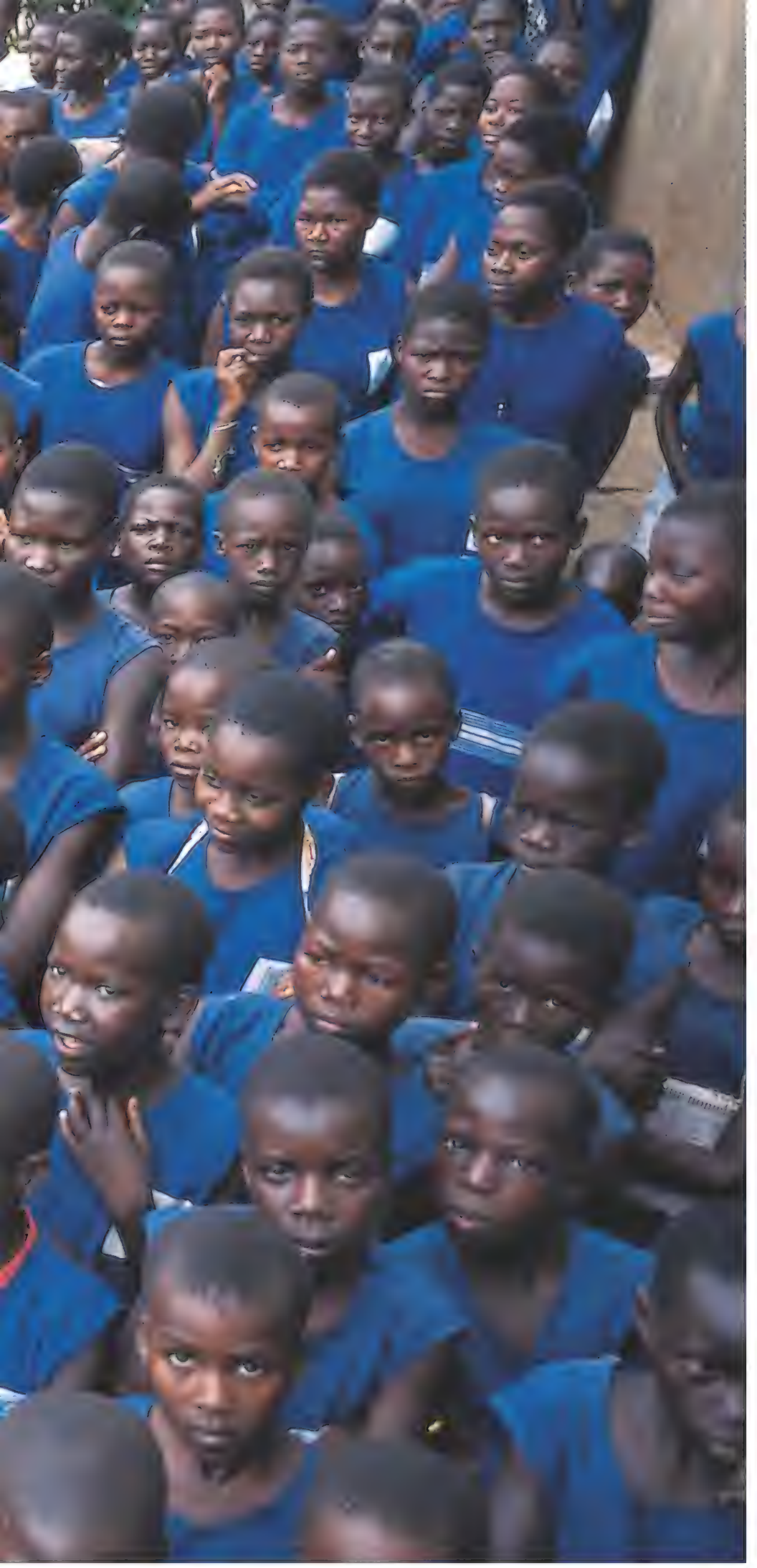
Compared with the open countryside where LRA terrorists may remain at large, the government camps are a refuge, but people in the camps say they, too, are preyed upon, as I learned during an unauthorized visit to camp Awer, 13 miles from Gulu. Awer nudged the roadside, a gigantic huddle of thousands of small conical family huts. The air was sour with the smell of unwashed bodies, poor sanitation and sickness. Men slouched in the shade of their huts or played endless games of cards. Children squatted on bare earth in mud-hut classrooms, with neither pencils nor books. Exhausted-looking women cooked meager meals of maize or swept the dust from family hearths.

About 50 men and women gathered around me. Many of the men bore scars—on their legs, arms and head—that they said came from torture by government soldiers. Grace, who said she is in her 30s but looked 20 years older, told me that a Ugandan government soldier raped her at gunpoint three years ago as she was returning to the camp after taking her

child to the hospital. "It's very common for soldiers to rape women in the camp," she added. Her attacker had since died of AIDS, she said. She didn't know if she had the virus that causes the disease.

The U.N.'s Hanawalt said that young women in the camp avoid going to the latrines at night out of fear of being raped by government soldiers or other men. One camp leader told me that the AIDS rate in the camp was double that in the rest of Uganda.

In 2000, Museveni, to draw the rebels (and their captives) out of the bush, began offering amnesty to all LRA members, and some have taken advantage of the offer, though not Kony. Then, in January 2004, the president complicated the amnesty offer by also inviting the International Criminal Court into Uganda to prosecute LRA leaders for war crimes. The human rights group Amnesty International supports the move to prosecute Kony and other LRA leaders.



Despite support from nations and aid groups, emergency relief workers say that northern Ugandan youths (left, girls, including former abductees, at the Mary Immaculate Primary School in Gulu) live in fear and lack food and other necessities.

But Anglican bishop Macleord Baker Ochola, vice chairman of the Acholi Religious Leaders Peace Initiative, opposes prosecution. He says it would ruin any chance for a peaceful resolution and would amount to a double standard unless government soldiers were also prosecuted for *their* crimes, including, he said, the rape and murder of civilians. Ochola argues for granting LRA members amnesty, even though he says an LRA land mine killed his wife and LRA rebels raped his daughter, who later committed suicide.

Many aid workers advocate a peaceful settlement. "There is no military solution to the violence and insurgency in the north," the U.N.'s Egeland wrote last fall. One drawback of a military approach, critics say, is the high casualty rate among LRA captives. Relief workers have condemned the army's use of helicopter gunships to fight LRA units because women and children are killed along with the rebel soldiers. The Ugandan Army defends the practice. "The LRA train their women and children to use rifles and even rocket-propelled grenades, and so we shoot them before they shoot us," Maj. Shaban Bantariza, the army spokesman, told me.

This past November, Museveni declared a limited cease-fire zone in northern Uganda between the government and LRA forces. In late December, internal affairs minister Ruhakana Rugunda and former government minister Betty Bigombe led a group, including Odama and U.N. representatives, that met with LRA leaders near the Sudan border to discuss signing a peace agreement by the end of the year. But the talks broke down at the last minute, reportedly after the government declined the LRA's request for more time. President Museveni, speaking at a peace concert in Gulu on New Year's Day, said the cease-fire had expired and vowed that the army would "hunt for the LRA leaders, especially Joseph Kony . . . and kill them from wherever they are if they don't come out." He also said: "We have been slow in ending this long war," although, he added, 4,000 child captives had been rescued since August 2003.

AT A HOLDING center run by a Catholic relief organization in the northern Uganda town of Pader, ten young mothers and their babies were preparing to go home. They'd flown there from Gulu in a UNICEF-chartered plane. Among the young women was Beatrice, and as soon as she walked into the building a teenage girl rushed up to her. "You're alive!" the girl screamed, high-fiving Beatrice.

"We were best friends in the bush," Beatrice told me. "She thought I'd been killed by the gunships."

Such reunions are typically happy affairs, but formerly abducted children face a grim future. "They'll need counseling for years," Akongo said, adding there's little or no chance of their getting any.

One day at the Children of War Rehabilitation Center in Gulu, I saw Yakobo Ogwang throw his hands in the air with pure glee as he ran to his 13-year-old daughter, Steler, seeing her for the first time since the LRA abducted her two years before. "I thought she was dead," he said in a shaking voice. "I've not slept since we learned she'd returned." The girl's mother, Jerodina, pulled Steler's head to her bosom and sobbed. Steler stared silently at the ground.

# OUT OF THE SHADOWS

AFTER DECADES of obscurity, African-American architect Julian Abele is finally getting recognition for his contributions to some of 20th-century America's most prestigious buildings - *BY SUSAN E. TIFFT*

Chief designer Julian Abele modeled Duke University's chapel (left) after Britain's Canterbury Cathedral.

IN THE SPRING OF 1986, Duke University students protesting the school's investments in apartheid South Africa erected shanties in front of the university chapel, a soaring spire of volcanic stone modeled after England's Canterbury Cathedral. The nature of the protest prompted one undergraduate to complain to the student newspaper. The shacks, she wrote, violate "our rights as students to a beautiful campus."

For Duke sophomore Susan Cook, the letter was a call to action. She had told only a couple of her classmates that she was related to the man who had designed the Duke chapel—indeed, who had designed most of the original buildings on the school's neo-Gothic west campus and many on its Georgian east campus. She had never met him, but she felt certain that if he were still alive, he would support the divestment rally as wholeheartedly as she did. So she penned an emotional rebuttal. Duke's beauty, she wrote, was an example of "what a black man can create given the opportunity." Her great-granduncle, Philadelphia architect Julian Abele (pronounced "able"), was "a victim of apartheid in this country" who had conceived the Duke campus but had never seen it because of the Jim Crow laws then in force in the segregated South.

That an African-American had designed Duke, a whites-only institution until 1961, was news to nearly everyone. Abele's role was not a secret, as documents in the university archives make clear. But it had never been acknowledged so publicly. Cook's letter changed that. Now, an oil portrait of the architect—the first of a black person at Duke—hangs in the main lobby of the administration building. Even the university Web site devotes a page to him.

The recognition was long overdue. Abele was not the first black architect in the United States, but he was probably the most accomplished of his era. Between 1906, when he joined the all-white Philadelphia firm of Horace Trumbauer, until his death in 1950, he designed or contributed to the design of some 250 buildings, including Harvard's Widener Memorial Library, the Museum of Art and the Free Library, both in Philadelphia, and a host of Gilded Age mansions in Newport and New York City. Abele's race, coupled with his self-effacing personality, meant he would not be widely known during his lifetime outside Philadelphia's architectural community. The custom of signing sketches with the firm's name rather than an individual designer's also made credit impolitic to claim. "The lines are all Mr. Trumbauer's," Abele once said of the Free Library, "but the shadows are all mine."

Born in 1881, Julian Francis Abele was the youngest of eight in a family of achievers that had long been a fixture of Philadelphia's African-American aristocracy. On his mother's side he could claim Absalom Jones, co-founder of the Free African Society, an early (1787) mutual support group for the city's free blacks. His older brother Robert became a physician. Two other siblings were successful sign makers. "Julian's is not a rags to riches story," says Susan Cook, now a senior art director at the advertising agency Foote, Cone & Belding in New York City.

As a boy, Abele attended the Institute for Colored Youth, a Quaker-founded teacher-training school. For his prowess in mathematics he was awarded a $15 prize. He was also chosen to deliver a commencement address. His topic: the role of art in Negro life. After studying at Brown Preparatory School and the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, Abele enrolled in architecture at the University of Pennsylvania. He studied architectural design at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts from 1902 to 1903.

Abele (circled, 1902) was elected president of the University of Penn's student architectural society.

Penn's program emphasized the classical methods then in vogue at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, techniques that had found expression in America in the buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. Abele embraced them. (His public buildings would rely heavily on Greek, Roman and Renaissance conventions while striving to harmonize with adjacent buildings and the surrounding landscape—a characteristic typical of the City Beautiful Movement that grew out of Beaux-Arts methods.) In his senior year, Willing and Able, as he was nicknamed, was elected president of the student architectural society, the highest honor his classmates could bestow, and he won student awards for his designs of a post office and a botanical museum. When he graduated from the university in 1902, he was the first black ever to do so. By then, at 21, he had already been listed as an architect in the city directory for a year.

After graduation, Abele is believed—records are spotty—to have traveled to Idaho to help his sister Elizabeth, whose husband had recently accepted a position as a small-town

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UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES; P. 100 CHRIS HILDRETH / DUKE UNIVERSITY; P. 101 INSET: COLLECTION OF JUDGE JULIAN ABELE COOK, JR. / DUKE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES; BACKGROUND: DUKE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

postmaster. When he returned to Philadelphia in 1906, Warren "Popsy" Laird, dean of Penn's architecture program, brought Abele to the attention of Horace Trumbauer, an architect whose firm was known for creating residential palaces for local industrialists and businessmen. Initially, Abele was hired to assist Trumbauer's chief designer, Frank Seeburger, but sometime after Seeburger left to form his own practice in 1909, Abele succeeded him.

The nature of the relationship between Trumbauer and Abele is murky. Few of the firm's records survive, and neither man kept a diary or saved much personal correspondence. What is clear is that Trumbauer, who bootstrapped his way up through apprenticeship, voracious reading and fortuitous connections, and Abele, the formally educated, classically trained black patrician, complemented each other. "You certainly get the impression that there was a great deal of respect," says Abele's son, Julian F. Abele Jr., 78, a retired architectural engineer now living in Florida. "You have to give Horace Trumbauer a lot of credit for the courage to hire a black and put him in such a responsible position."

Trumbauer had opened his firm in 1890, when he was just 21. The next year, sugar refiner William Welsh Harrison hired him to enlarge his estate in Glenside, Pennsylvania. When the estate burned down in 1893, Harrison engaged Trumbauer to build a castle-like country house called Grey Towers (now Arcadia University). By the time Abele joined the firm, Trumbauer had produced his signature Lynnewood Hall, a 110-room Palladian mansion built for mass transit tycoon Peter A.B. Widener, and Elstowe Manor, an Italian *palazzo* created for Widener's partner, William L. Elkins. In 1902, he built the Elms for coal baron Edward J. Berwind. It was the first of several commissions for Newport, Rhode Island, "cottages," including Clarendon Court, which would become notorious decades later as the venue for Claus von Bulow's alleged injection of a coma-inducing dose of insulin to his wife, Sunny. (He was acquitted of attempted murder in 1985.)

"I hire my brains," declared Trumbauer (not shown), who added Abele (circled) to the firm's roster in 1906.

The white entrepreneur and the African-American striver shared with their wealthy clients a yearning for respect in a society in which class, race and religion often mattered more than merit. "Trumbauer and Abele catered to these nouveau riche people who wanted a physical embodiment of their success," says Inga Saffron, architecture critic for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. "They wanted to invent a past. If you build yourself a French château, you give yourself a pedigree."

James Buchanan Duke, founder of the American Tobacco Company, exemplified this peculiarly American brand of self-invention. In 1909, Abele began work on a Manhattan mansion for Duke at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 78th Street. Three years later, when Duke, his pregnant wife and 14 servants moved into the white-marble residence, modeled on a late-17th-century Bordeaux château, the *New York Times* designated the building (now New York University's Institute of Fine Arts) as the "costliest home" on Fifth Avenue. Duke followed the firm's work and was especially impressed with Widener Memorial Library at Harvard, dedicated in 1915 to the memory of Harry Elkins Widener, who had gone down with the *Titanic*. In 1924, when the president of Trinity College in Durham, North Carolina, persuaded Duke to turn the school into a namesake university, the Trumbauer office got the nod, with Abele in the lead.

Over the next two decades, Abele's designs enlarged and unified Duke's small, existing east campus and helped create a new west campus a mile and a half away. Initial plans for a man-made lake and fountain never came to pass, but Abele was kept busy working on the library, school of religion, football stadium and gymnasium, medical school and hospital, faculty houses and, of course, the chapel.

In addition to Duke University and Widener Library, the projects to which Abele made his most significant contributions are Philadelphia's Free Library and that city's Museum of Art. Dedicated in 1927, the Philadelphia library is based on the twin facades of the Ministère de la Marine and Hôtel de Crillon on Place de la Concorde in Paris, reflecting Abele's admiration for their designer, Ange-Jacques Gabriel, Louis XV's chief architect from 1742 to 1774. The Museum of Art, which served as the backdrop for the famous stair-running scene in the movie *Rocky*, sits like a massive Greek temple atop what was once a city reservoir. The Trumbauer firm collaborated uneasily on the design with another firm, Zantzinger, Borie, and Medary. Though Trumbauer architect Howell Lewis Shay ultimately came up with a compromise design for the building, Abele provided some of the building's most dramatic perspective drawings. Architectural historian Fiske Kimball, who supervised the museum's construction and served as its director from 1925 to 1955, described Abele as "one of the most sensitive designers anywhere in America."

Abele also made major contributions to Whitemarsh Hall (completed in 1921), a 147-room, 100,000-square-foot mansion in Springfield, Pennsylvania, for Edward T. Stotesbury, a senior partner in the Drexel & Company banking house, and to the New York Evening Post building in Manhattan (completed in 1925 and now home to luxury condominiums). In recent years, the question of who did what at

COLLECTION OF JUDGE JULIAN ABELE COOK, JR. / DUKE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

Two firms collaborated on the design of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, for which Abele created dramatic perspective drawings.

the Trumbauer firm has become a matter of sometimes contentious debate between those who say Abele designed nearly every important building the firm produced after 1909 and those who claim that all the credit belongs to Trumbauer himself. "Abele was a very talented man," says Michael C. Kathrens, author of *American Splendor: The Residential Architecture of Horace Trumbauer*. "But Trumbauer was the genius behind the firm." Dreck Wilson, who is researching a biography of Abele, says that Trumbauer's buildings before Abele took over as chief designer "were obese, monstrously heavy. When you look at Abele's buildings, they float, they're lighter." Both sides may be right. "One man can't design a building," says Saffron. "It's a team."

Architect J. Max Bond Jr., who was involved in the design of the World Trade Center memorial, would agree. "We tend to say, 'That's a building by so-and-so,' yet many people contribute to that building and design," says Bond. "This is particularly true with Trumbauer and Abele. Trumbauer was not a force like Frank Lloyd Wright. [His designs were] the work of a firm."

No records describe the workings of the design process at the Trumbauer office, but in firms of the day there would typically be three principals with complementary skills: a rainmaker to drum up business, a designer and someone who turned concepts into blueprints. Apparently Trumbauer acted mainly as rainmaker, Abele as chief designer, and architectural engineer William Frank as the nuts-and-bolts person. Clearly Trumbauer valued Abele's talent. Asked to release Abele from his contract a year after he was hired (Abele had an offer in California), Trumbauer replied, "I of course would not want to loose [sic] Mr. Abele."

Mustachioed and impeccably dressed, Abele, who stood 5 feet 8 inches tall, treated his race as a fact, little more. Because he was light skinned, some people were unsure of his ethnicity. Although several draftsmen at his office apparently resented working under a black man, one colleague claimed never to have realized Abele was black; he simply thought he was "other." "For all intents and purposes, Julian did not consider himself black," says biographer Wilson. "He was almost a-racial. He buried himself in being an artist."

In fact, Susan Cook's assumption that her great-grand-uncle never saw the Duke campus because of Jim Crow laws—an assumption repeated in countless newspaper accounts—may very well be false. In the early 1960s, John H. Wheeler, a prominent black banker in Durham, North Carolina, told George Esser, then executive director of the North Carolina Fund, that he recalled Abele coming to visit the campus during construction. What's more, in a 1989 interview, Henry Magaziner, son of Abele's friend and Penn classmate Louis Magaziner, recalled Abele telling him that a

RICHARD T. NOWITZ / CORBIS

Over 44 years, Abele designed or contributed to the design of some 250 buildings, including Harvard's Widener Library (above).

MARK PETERSON / CORBIS

Durham, North Carolina, hotel had refused to give him a room during a trip to the university, while accommodating his white associate, William Frank.

While the South was more restrictive, Philadelphia had its own demeaning set of social rules. Until the passage of an equal rights law in Pennsylvania in the 1930s, seating in theaters and on public transportation was generally segregated. Abele reportedly walked more than ten blocks to work each day rather than accept having to sit in the back of the city's segregated streetcars.

Not much is known about Abele's social life in the early years of his career. When his sister Elizabeth separated from her husband around 1906, he took her in, along with her three children, and raised them as his own. By the time he reached his 40s, the children were largely grown. Through his friend and fellow architect Orpheus "Razzle" Fisher (who later married the famed African-American contralto Marian Anderson), Abele met Marguerite Bulle, a recent arrival from Paris who was white and a protégée of Nadia Boulanger, the noted French musician and conductor. Abele, who spoke fluent French, soon arranged to take piano lessons from Marguerite, nearly 20 years his junior. No doubt Abele's ten-room, two-bath home on Christian Street made a good impression. Located in a neighborhood of black professionals, the three-story town house boasted tasteful antiques, two Jean Honoré Fragonard paintings, a Baldwin grand piano, a sofa covered with needlepoint Abele had done himself, and several black servants. The night before the couple married in 1925, Horace Trumbauer gave them each a $1,000 bill as a wedding gift.

The Abeles had three children. The oldest, Julian F. Abele Jr., was baptized at the cathedral at Reims on an overseas trip in 1929. Marguerite Marie, known in the family as Pacquette (Little Flower), died at the age of 5 of complications from measles, and Nadia, the youngest, took her name from her mother's mentor.

A cross-cultural, interracial union would likely have been difficult for any couple, but the Abeles also had personality differences. Marguerite enjoyed card parties, movies and bingo, while Abele liked nothing better than to retreat to his third-floor den after work to read and listen to opera and "Amos 'n' Andy" on the radio. What finally broke the Abeles apart, however, was a messy affair. While working as an accompanist at a Philadelphia radio station, Marguerite met a young baritone named Jozep Kowalewski, who soon became a regular at the Christian Street house under the pretense of taking music lessons. By all accounts, the two fell hopelessly in love.

When Marguerite asked Abele for a divorce in 1933, he refused. She told Abele she was "dead" to him as a wife and

moved into a separate bedroom. In 1936, after learning she was pregnant by Kowalewski, Marguerite grew desperate. Her solution was to wed Kowalewski in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City in October 1936. Perhaps she reasoned that her "marriage" to Kowalewski (a fellow Catholic) would be sanctified by the church, if not by the state. A month later, she finally left Abele, who insisted on keeping the children. Jozep and Marguerite's first child, Jeanne, was born in January 1937. (They eventually had two more children.) From then on, Abele had contact with his wife only at family functions, although he did allow Julian Jr. and Nadia to visit her.

At home, wearing a coat and tie, Abele continued to preside over formal Sunday dinners. In summer, he set up his children and a nanny in a rented cottage in the segregated beach community of Wildwood, New Jersey, arriving by train every Friday night and returning on Sunday evening. Even in hot weather, the debonair Abele could be seen striding the boardwalk in a suit and straw hat.

Thanks to ongoing projects such as the Duke campus, the Trumbauer firm was less affected than most by the crash of 1929—at first. But when mansions requiring dozens of servants became a thing of the past, so, in many ways, did Trumbauer. By the mid-1930s, the once-thriving practice was reduced to a critical trio: Trumbauer, Abele and Frank. The lean years took a toll on the hard-drinking Trumbauer. In 1938, at the age of 69, he died of cirrhosis of the liver. Wary of changing the firm's identity at such an uncertain moment, Abele and Frank took over what their letterhead termed The Office of Horace Trumbauer, with their names underneath. Freed from anonymity at last, Abele began signing drawings with his own name and, in 1942, became a member of the American Institute of Architects.

The continuing construction of the Duke campus filled most of Abele's final decade. He signed drawings for Cameron Indoor Stadium (finished in 1940), where the Duke Blue Devils now play basketball; later, he worked on a library addition and a physics building. Abele died of a heart attack at age 68 in 1950, before the firm completed the Allen Building, the Duke administration offices where his portrait would hang 40 years later. Marguerite attended his funeral at the Christian Street house, as did one of the Wideners. A three-paragraph obituary in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* noted Abele's long association with Trumbauer, but failed to mention any of the buildings he had designed.

Abele, who had focused more on art than finance, died without a will. Because he and Marguerite had never obtained a divorce, by law she and all of the children born during the marriage—including the three she had with Kowalewski—were heirs to his estate. Marguerite reportedly forfeited her individual claim, but a court guardian was appointed to represent the interests of the Kowalewski offspring, who were minors. In 1956, a trust was set up for the three Kowalewski children, to be distributed when each turned 25. Abele's surviving children, Julian Jr. and Nadia, split the remainder of the estate.

Abele (with Marguerite, top left, and Nadia, top right) resisted divorce. Above: Peter and Susan Cook.

The Trumbauer firm produced two more buildings for Duke University before finally folding in 1968. In 1982, the Philadelphia Museum of Art honored Abele for his role in the museum's design; in 2002, the Free Library held a weekend of events to celebrate the architect on the library's 75th anniversary. "I'm sure he would have been honored," his son Julian said. "But he would not have liked making speeches; he would not have gloried in it."

Buildings, not speeches, are Abele's legacy. His life serves as an inspiration for the growing number of licensed African-American architects in the United States—an estimated 1,500 out of a total of 101,000 architects are black. Abele also passed his love for his profession on to his son and to his nephew, Julian Abele Cook Sr., Susan Cook's grandfather, who became an architectural engineer. Susan Cook's brother, Peter, a graduate of Columbia's architecture program, is now a principal at KGP Design Studio, a Washington, D.C.-based architecture and urban design firm. He well remembers his first glimpse of a building designed by his great-granduncle. It was on a visit with his family to Duke in the late 1970s. Driving around the campus, he turned up the long drive to the chapel. "Suddenly out of this deep green forest appeared this iconic image of Duke," he said. "It's one thing to have a building move you, but to have my great-granduncle build it! As a practitioner now, it's an unbelievable legacy to live up to."

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From keeping tabs on the Taliban to saving puppies, a reporter looks back on her three years covering a nation's struggle to be reborn

*TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAMELA CONSTABLE*

# ASSIGNMENT AFGHANISTAN

AS MY EYES ADJUSTED to the dark and gloomy schoolroom, I could see the men more clearly, their woolen shawls drawn up against their tough and leathery faces. They were farmers and herders who lived hard lives on meager land, survivors of foreign occupation and civil war, products of a traditional society governed by unwritten rules of religion and culture and tribe where Western concepts like freedom and happiness were seldom invoked.

But there was something I had not seen before in the faces of these turbaned villagers; an almost childish excitement, a look both nervous and dignified: a feeling of hope. It was October 9, 2004, and they were among 10.5 million voters who had registered to elect the first president in their country's history. No one shoved or

On October 9, 2004, more than eight million Afghans went to the polls, including these villagers voting in a schoolhouse in Wardak Province.

jostled as the line inched toward a pair of scarred school benches, where two elderly officials were checking off ledgers, marking thumbs with purple ink, murmuring instructions: "There are 18 candidates for president, here are their names and pictures, mark the one you want, but only one." Then they handed each man a folded paper and motioned him politely toward a flimsy metal stand curtained with a red gingham cloth.

I positioned myself behind one of the benches. I wanted to remember this day, this hushed and universal ritual of a fledgling democracy that once had seemed impossible to imagine. In another week, I would be leaving the country after nearly three years that had been among the most exhilarating, as well as the most grueling, of my career as a foreign correspondent.

During that time I had covered the assassinations of two cabinet ministers, tiptoed through the human wreckage of car bombings, chronicled the rapid spread of opium poppy cultivation, witnessed the release of haggard war prisoners and the disarming of ragged militiamen. But I had also traveled with eager refugees returning home from years in exile, visited tent schools in remote villages and computer classes in makeshift storefronts, helped vaccinate flocks of sheep and goats, watched parched and abandoned fields come alive again, and reveled in the glorious cacophony of a capital city plugging into the modern world after a quarter-century of isolation and conflict.

"The farmer took the ballot in his hands, gazing down on the document as if it were a precious flower."

Even on days when I awoke feeling as if there were little hope for the country and less I could do to help, invariably something occurred that restored my faith. Someone made a kind gesture that dissipated the poison around me, told me a tale of past suffering that put the day's petty grievances in new perspective, or expressed such simple longing for a decent, peaceful life that it renewed my determination to make such voices heard above the sniping and scheming of the post-Taliban era.

On this particular day, it was the look on a young farmer's face as he waited to vote in a chilly village schoolroom. He was a sunburned man of perhaps 25. (Once I would have said 40, but I had learned long ago that wind and sand and hardship made most Afghans look far more wizened than their years.) He was not old enough to remember a time when his country was at peace, not worldly enough to know what an election was, not literate enough to read the names on the ballot. But like everyone else in the room, he knew this was an important moment for his country and that he, a man without education or power or wealth, had the right to participate in it.

The farmer took the ballot gingerly in his hands, gazing down on the document as if it were a precious flower, or perhaps a mysterious amulet. I raised my camera and clicked a picture I knew I would cherish for years to come. The young man glanced up at me, smiling shyly, and stepped behind the gingham curtain to cast the first vote of his life.

I FIRST VISITED AFGHANISTAN in 1998, a dark and frightened time in a country that was exhausted by war, ruled by religious zealots and shut off from the world. Kabul was empty and silent, except for the squeak of carts and bicycles. Entire districts lay in ruins. Music and television had been banned, and there were no women on the streets except beggars hidden beneath patched veils.

For a Western journalist, the conditions were hostile and forbidding. I was not allowed to enter private homes, speak to women, travel without a government guide or sleep anywhere except the official hotel—a threadbare castle where hot water was delivered to my room in buckets and an armed guard dozed all night outside my door. Even carefully swathed in baggy shirts and scarves, I drew disapproving stares from turbaned gunmen.

Interviews with Taliban officials were awkward ordeals; most recoiled from shaking my hand and answered questions with lectures on Western moral decadence. I had few chances to meet ordinary Afghans, though I made the most of brief comments or gestures from those I encountered: the taxi driver showing me his illegal cassettes of Indian pop tunes; the clinic patient pointing angrily at her stifling burqa as she swept it off her sweat-soaked hair.

I visited Afghanistan that first time for three weeks and then nine more times during Taliban rule. Each time the populace seemed more desperate and the regime more entrenched. On my last trip, in the spring of 2001, I reported on the destruction of two world-renowned Buddha statues carved in the cliffs of Bamiyan, and I watched in horror while police beat back mobs of women and children in chaotic bread lines. Exhausted from the stress, I was relieved when my visa expired and headed straight for the Pakistan border. When I reached my hotel in Islamabad, I stripped off my dusty garments, stood in a steaming shower, gulped down a bottle of wine and fell soundly asleep.

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THE FIRST SPRIGS OF GREEN were poking up from the parched winter fields of the Shomali Plain stretching north from Kabul. Here and there, men were digging at dried

In 2003 alone, nearly 500,000 refugees returned to Afghanistan from Pakistan, Iran and elsewhere, bringing the total to more than three million returnees since December 2001. This girl and her family live in a refugee tent camp that sprouted on a field in Kabul.

grapevine stumps or pulling up buckets of mud from long-clogged irrigation canals. Bright blue tents peeked out from behind ruined mud walls. New white marking stones had been neatly placed on long-abandoned graves. Along the highway heading south to Kabul, masked workers knelt on the ground and inched forward with trowels and metal detectors, clearing fields and vineyards of land mines.

It had been a year since my last visit. From the terrible ashes of the World Trade Center had risen Afghanistan's deliverance. The Taliban had been forced into flight by American bombers and Afghan opposition troops, and the country had been reinvented as an international experiment in postwar modernization. Within a month of the Taliban's defeat, Afghanistan had acquired a dapper interim leader named Hamid Karzai, a tenuous coalition government, pledges of $450 million from foreign donors, a force of international peacekeepers in Kabul, and a blueprint for gradual democratic rule that was to be guided and financed by the United Nations and the Western powers.

For 35 months—from November 2001 to October 2004—I would now have the extraordinary privilege of witnessing Afghanistan's rebirth. This was a journalist's dream: to record a period of liberation and upheaval in an exotic corner of the world, but without having to be afraid anymore. As on my trips during the Taliban era, I still wore modest garments (usually a long-sleeved tunic over baggy trousers) in deference to Afghan culture, but I was free to stroll along the street without worrying I would be arrested if my head scarf slipped, and I could photograph markets and mosques without hastily hiding my camera under my jacket. Best of all, I could chat with women I encountered and accept invitations to tea in families' homes, where people poured out astonishing tales of hardship and flight, abuse and destruction—none of which they had ever shared with a stranger, let alone imagined seeing in print.

Just as dramatic were the stories of returning refugees, who poured back into the country from Pakistan and Iran. Day after day, dozens of cargo trucks rumbled into the capital with extended families perched atop loads of mattresses, kettles, carpets and birdcages. Many people had neither jobs nor homes awaiting them after years abroad, but they were full of energy and hope. By late 2003, the United Nations High Commission for Refugees had registered more than three million returning Afghans at its highway welcome centers.

I followed one family back to their village in the Shomali Plain, passing rusted carcasses of Soviet tanks, charred fields torched by Taliban troops, and clusters of collapsed mud walls with a new plastic window here or a string of laundry there. At the end of a sandy lane, we stopped in front of one lifeless ruin. "Here we are!" the father exclaimed excitedly. As the family started unloading their belongings, the long-absent farmer inspected his ruined vineyards—then graciously invited me back to taste his grapes after the next harvest.

Another wintry day I drove up into the Hindu Kush mountains, where the main highway tunnel to the north had been bombed shut years before and then lost beneath a mountain of ice. I will never forget the scene that met my eyes through the swirling snow: a long line of families, carrying children and suitcases and bundles toward the tunnel, edging down narrow steps and vanishing inside the pitch-black passageway cut through the ice.

I tried to follow, but my hands and my camera froze instantly. An arctic wind howled through the darkness. As I emerged from the tunnel, I brushed past a man with a little girl on his back, her naked feet purple with cold. "We have to get home," he muttered. Ahead of them was a two-hour trek through hell.

"Although I grew attached to Kabul, it was in the countryside that I experienced true generosity from people who had survived drought and war, hunger and disease."

The rapidly filling capital also sprang back to life, acquiring new vices and hazards in the process. Bombed buildings sprouted new doors and windows, carpenters hammered and sawed in sidewalk workshops, the air was filled with a clamor of construction and honking horns and radios screeching Hindi film tunes. Traffic clogged the streets, and policemen with whistles and wooden "stop" paddles flailed uselessly at the tide of rusty taxis, overcrowded buses and powerful, dark-windowed Landcruisers—the status symbol of the moment—that hurtled along narrow lanes as children and dogs fled from their path. Every time I sat fuming in traffic jams, I tried to remind myself that this busy anarchy was the price of progress and far preferable to the ghostly silence of Taliban rule.

As commerce and construction boomed, Kabul became a city of scams. Unscrupulous Afghans set up "nonprofit" agencies as a way to siphon aid money and circumvent building fees. Bazaars sold U.N. emergency blankets and plastic-pouched U.S. Army rations. Landlords evicted their Afghan tenants, slapped on some paint and re-rented their houses to foreign agencies at ten times the previous rent.

But hard-working survivors also thrived in the competitive new era. During the Taliban years, I used to buy my basic supplies (scratchy Chinese toilet paper, laundry detergent from Pakistan) from a glum man named Asad Chelsi who ran a tiny, dusty grocery store. By the time I left, he had built a gleaming supermarket, filled with foreign aid workers and affluent Afghan customers. The shelves displayed French cheese, German cutlery and American pet food. A born entrepreneur, Asad now greeted everyone like an old friend and repeated his cheerful mantra: "If I don't have what you want now, I can get it for you tomorrow."

THE SOUND OF THE BOMB was a soft, distant thud, but I knew it was a powerful one and steeled myself for the scene I knew I would find. It was midafternoon on a Thursday, the busiest shopping time of the week, and the sidewalk bazaars were crowded. The terrorists had been clever: first a small package on a bicycle exploded, drawing a curious crowd. Several moments later, a far larger bomb detonated in a parked taxi, shattering shop windows, engulfing cars in flames and hurling bodies in the air. Firemen were hosing blood and bits of glass off the street and sirens wailed. Fruits and cigarettes lay crushed; a boy who sold them on the sidewalk had been taken away, dead.

As my colleagues and I rushed back to our offices to write our reports, news of a second attack reached us: a gunman had approached President Karzai's car in the southern city of Kandahar and fired through the window, narrowly missing him before being shot dead by American bodyguards. Karzai appeared on TV several hours later, wearing a confident grin and dismissing the attack as an occupational hazard, but he must have been at least as shaken as the rest of us.

The list of those with motive and means to subvert the emerging order was long, but like the taxi bomb that killed 30 people on that September day in 2002, most terrorist crimes were never solved. In many parts of the country, militia commanders commonly known as warlords maintained a tight grip on power, running rackets and imposing their political will with impunity. People feared and loathed the warlords, pleading with the government and its foreign allies to disarm them. But the gunmen, with little respect for central authority and many skeletons left over from the rapacious civil-war era of the early 1990s, openly defied the disarmament program that was a key element of the U.N.-backed plan for transition to civilian rule.

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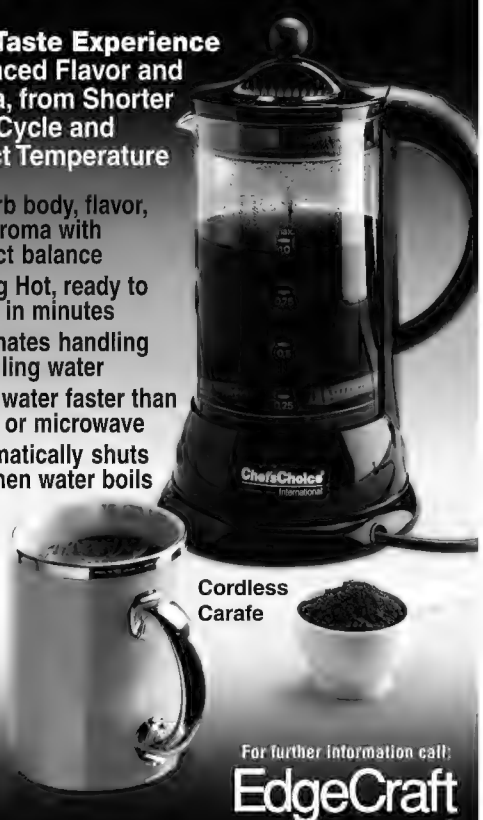


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Karzai's own tenuous coalition government in Kabul was rent by constant disputes among rival factions. The most powerful were a group of former commanders from the northern Panjshir Valley, ethnic Tajiks who controlled thousands of armed men and weapons and who viewed themselves as the true liberators of Afghanistan from Soviet occupation and Taliban dictatorship. Although formally part of the government, they distrusted Karzai and used their official fiefdoms in the state security and defense apparatus to wield enormous power over ordinary citizens.

Karzai was an ethnic Pashtun from the south who controlled no army and exercised little real power. His detractors derided him as the "mayor of Kabul" and an American puppet, and after the assassination attempt he became a virtual prisoner in his palace, protected by a squad of American paramilitary commandos sent by the Bush administration.

I observed Karzai closely for three years, and I never saw him crack. In public, he was charming and cheerful under impossible circumstances, striding into press conferences with a casual, self-confident air and making solemn vows for reforms he knew he could not possibly deliver. In interviews, he was effortlessly cordial and relentlessly upbeat, though I always sensed the barely concealed frustration of a leader in a straitjacket. Everyone, perhaps no one more than the president, knew that without American B-52 bombers leaving streaks across the sky at crucial moments, the Afghan democratic experiment could collapse.

Instead the country lurched, more or less according to plan, from one flawed but symbolic political milestone to the next. First came the emergency Loya Jerga of June 2002, an assembly of leaders from across the country that rubber-stamped Karzai as president but also opened the doors to serious political debate. Then came the constitutional assembly of December 2003, which almost collapsed over such volatile issues as whether the national


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anthem should be sung in Pashto or Dari—but which ultimately produced a charter that embraced both modern international norms and conservative Afghan tradition.

THE CHALLENGE that occupied the full first half of 2004 was how to register some ten million eligible voters in a country with poor roads, few phones, low literacy rates and strong rural taboos against allowing women to participate in public life. After a quarter-century of strife and oppression, Afghans were eager to vote for their leaders, but many feared retaliation from militia commanders and opposed any political procedure that would bring their wives and sisters into contact with strange men.

There was also the problem of the Taliban. By 2003, the fundamentalist Islamic militia had quietly regrouped and rearmed along the Pakistan border. They began sending out messages,

"Detractors derided Karzai as 'the mayor of Kabul' but he was charming and cheerful under impossible circumstances."

warning all foreign infidels to leave. Operating in small, fast motorbike squads, they kidnapped Turkish and Indian workers on the new Kabul to Kandahar highway, ambushed and shot a team of Afghan well-diggers, and then executed Bettina Goislard, a young French woman who worked for the U.N. refugee agency.

Once voter registration began, the Taliban shifted targets, attacking and killing half a dozen Afghan registration workers. But the extremists miscalculated badly. Afghans were determined to vote, and even in the conservative Pashtun belt of the southeast, tribal elders cooperated with U.N. teams to find culturally acceptable ways for women to cast their ballots.

One June day, driving through the hills of Khost Province in search of registration stories, I came upon a highway gas station with a line of men outside, waiting to have their voter ID photos taken. When I asked politely about the arrangements for women, I was led to a farmhouse filled with giggling women. None could read or write, but a high-school girl filled out each voting card, guessing at their ages, and an elderly


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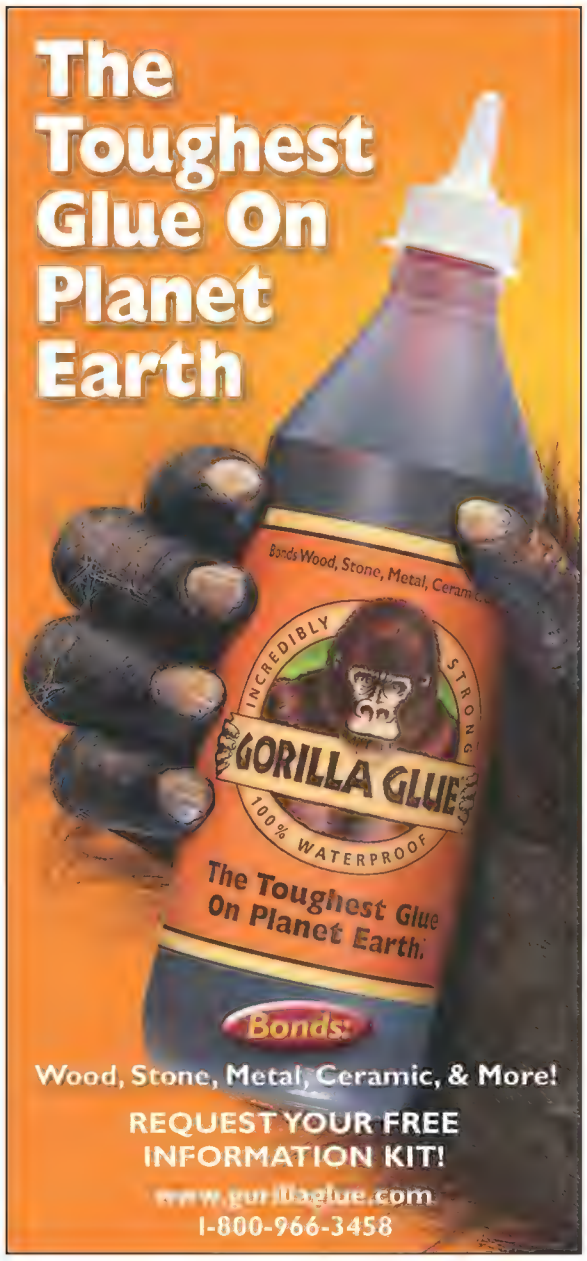



man carried them to the gas station. "We want our women to vote, so we have made this special arrangement," a village leader explained to me proudly. "If they cross the road and some strange driver sees them, people would talk."

BALLROOMS twinkled with fairy lights, amplified music pulsed and pounded, young women in slinky sequined dresses twirled across the floor. Kabul was in a post-Taliban wedding frenzy; a society reknitting itself and reestablishing its rituals after years of repression and flight. Ornate salons were booked around the clock, and beauty parlors were crammed with brides being made up like geishas.

But despite the go-go glitter, each wedding—like everything related to romance and marriage—was conducted by traditional Afghan rules. Salons were divided by walls or curtains into separate women's and men's sections. The newlyweds were virtual strangers, their match arranged between families and their courtship limited to tightly chaperoned visits. After the ceremony, the bride was expected to move in with her husband's family, for life. By religious law, he could divorce her at will, or marry up to three additional women. She had almost no rights at all. Even if she were abused or abandoned, it was considered a deep family shame if she sought a divorce, and a judge would admonish her to be more dutiful and reconcile.

On some levels, the departure of the Taliban brought new freedom and opportunity to women. Teachers and secretaries and hairdressers could return to work, girls could enroll in school again, and housewives could shop unveiled without risk of a beating from the religious police. In cities, fashionable women began wearing loose but smart black outfits with chic pumps. Women served as delegates to both Loya Jerga assemblies, the new constitution set aside parliamentary seats for women, and a female pediatrician in Kabul announced her candidacy for president.

But when it came to personal and

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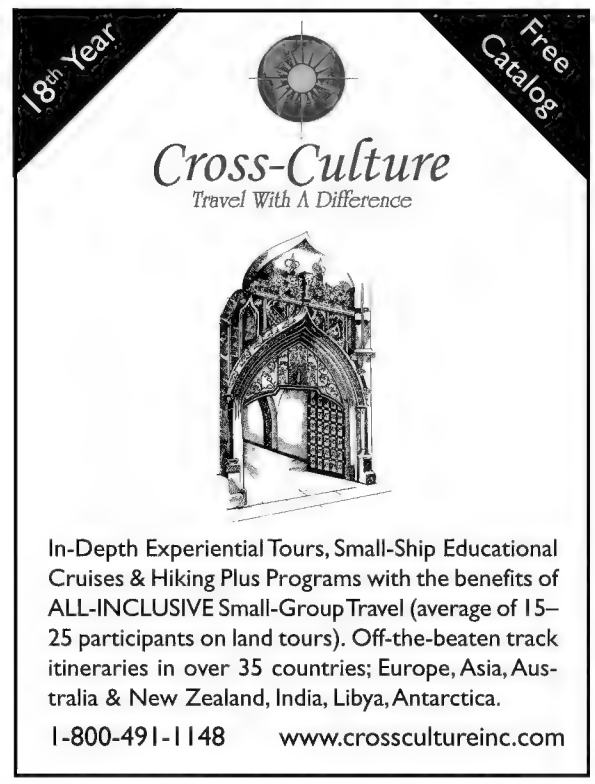
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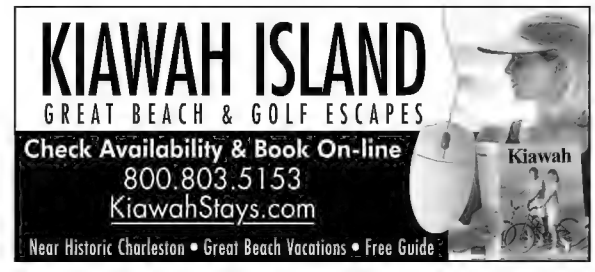


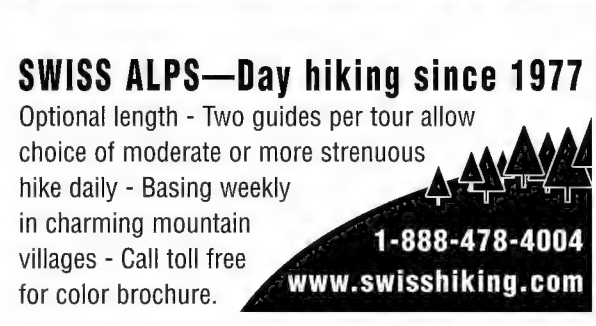
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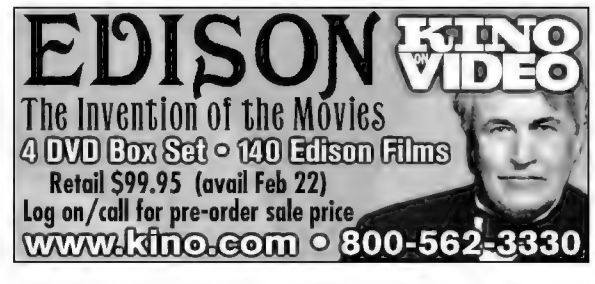
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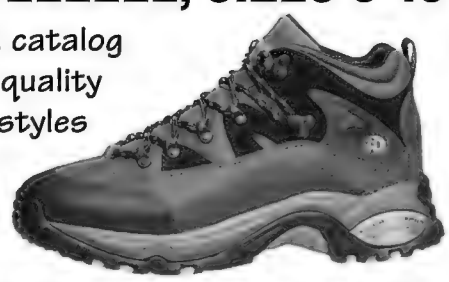
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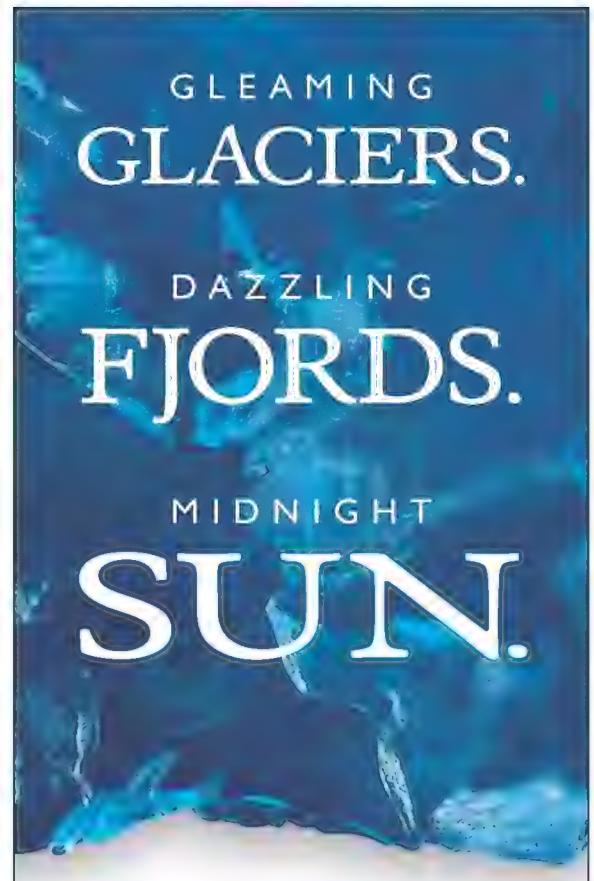
When village elders balked at the idea of male election workers registering women, the United Nations hired Afghan female students to do the job.

sexual matters, political emancipation had no impact on a conservative Muslim society, where even educated urban girls did not expect to date or choose their mates. In Kabul, I became close friends with three women—a doctor, a teacher and a nurse—all articulate professionals who earned a good portion of their families' income. Over three years, I knew them first as single, then engaged and finally married to grooms chosen by their families.

My three friends, chatty and opinionated about politics, were far too shy and embarrassed to talk with me about sex and marriage. When I delicately tried to ask how they felt about having someone else choose their spouse, or if they had any questions about their wedding night—I was 100 percent certain none had ever kissed a man—they blushed and shook their heads. "I don't want to choose. That is not our tradition," the nurse told me firmly.

Village life was even more impervious to change, with women rarely allowed to leave their family compounds. Many communities forced girls to leave school once they reached puberty, after which all contact with unrelated males was prohibited. During one visit to a village in the Shomali Plain, I met a woman with two daughters who had spent the Taliban years as refugees in



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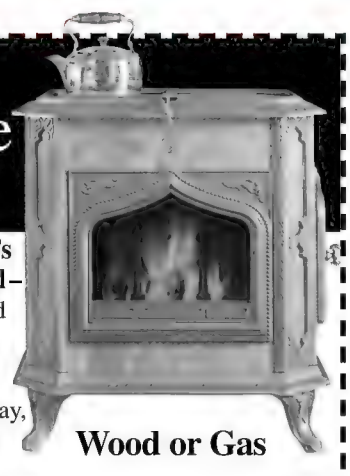

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Pakistan and recently moved home. The older girl, a bright 14-year-old, had completed sixth grade in Kabul, but now her world had shrunk to a farmyard with chickens to feed. I asked her if she missed class, and she nodded miserably. "If we left her in school, it would bring shame on us," the mother said with a sigh.

FOR A WESTERN woman like me, life in Kabul grew increasingly comfortable. As the number of foreigners increased, I drew fewer stares and began to wear jeans with my blousy tunics. There were invitations to diplomatic and social functions, and for the first time since the end of Communist rule in 1992, liquor became easily available.

Yet despite the more relaxed atmosphere, Kabul was still no place for the pampered or faint of heart. My house was in an affluent district, but often there was no hot water, and sometimes no water at all; I took countless bucket baths on shivering mornings with tepid water from the city tap. Urban dust entered every crack, covered every surface with a fine gritty layer, turned my hair to straw and my skin to parchment. Just outside my door was a fetid obstacle course of drainage ditches and rarely collected garbage, which made walking a hazard and jogging out of the question.

Electricity was weak and erratic, although the municipal authorities set up a rationing system so residents could plan ahead; I regularly set my alarm for 5 a.m. so I could wash clothes before the 6 a.m. power cut. I became so accustomed to dim light that when I finally returned to the United States, I was shocked by how bright the rooms seemed.

For all the stories I covered and the friends I made, what gave real meaning and purpose to my years in Kabul was something else entirely. I had always been an animal lover, and the city was full of emaciated, sickly stray dogs and cats. One by one they found their way into my house, and within a year it was functioning as a shelter. There were no small-animal veterinary services—in-



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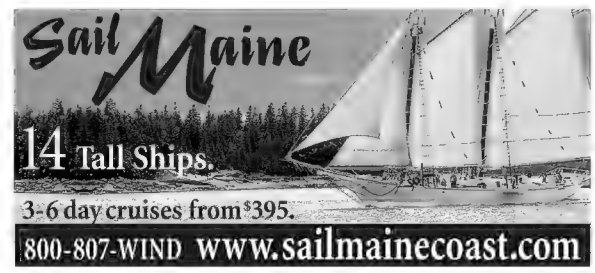


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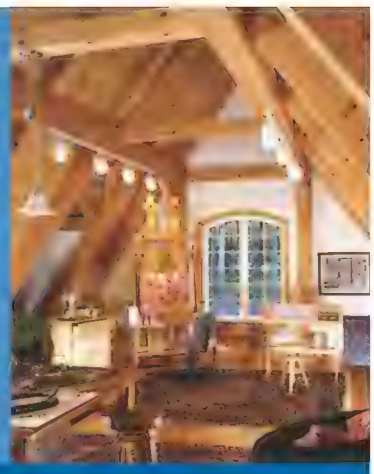

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Nearly 1.5 million Afghans died in the 1979-1989 war with the USSR; fallen mujahedin are commemorated in memorials such as this one in Herat.

deed, no culture of pets, unless one counted fighting dogs and roosters—so I treated the animals with pharmacy drugs and patient observation, and almost all of them bounced back.

Mr. Stumpy, a mangy cat whose hind leg had been crushed by a taxi and then amputated, hopped around the sun porch. Pak, a sturdy pup whose mother had been poisoned to death, buried bones in my backyard. Pshak Nau, a wild cat who lived over the garage, was gradually lured by canned tuna into domesticity. Honey, a pretty dog I bought for $10 from a man who was strangling her, refused to leave my side for days. Se Pai, a black kitten who was scavenging garbage on three legs, became a contented parlor cat after a terrible wound on his fourth leg healed.

One freezing night I found a dog so starved she could no longer walk, and I had to carry her home. I had no space left by then, but an Afghan acquaintance, an eccentric mathematician named Siddiq Afghan, said she was welcome to stay in his yard if she could reach accommodation with his flock of sheep. For an entire winter, I brought Dosty food twice a day, while she eyed the sheep and put on weight.

My happiest hours in Afghanistan were spent nursing these animals back to health, and my proudest accom-

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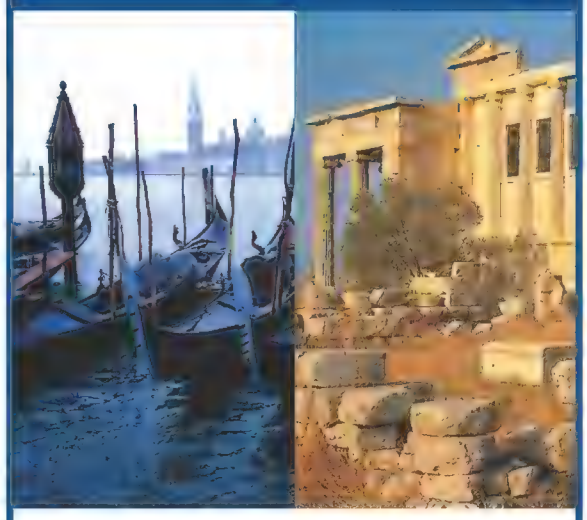

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plishment was opening a real animal shelter in a run-down house, which I refurbished and stocked and staffed so it would continue after I left. I also brought some of the animals back with me to America, a complicated and expensive ordeal in itself. Mr. Stumpy landed on a farm in Vermont, where his new owners soon sent me a photograph of an unrecognizably sleek, white creature. Dosty found a permanent home with a couple in Maryland, where she was last reported leaping halfway up oak trees to protect my friends from marauding squirrels. Pak, at this writing, is gnawing on an enormous bone in my backyard in Virginia.

ALTHOUGH I grew attached to Kabul, it was in the countryside that I experienced true generosity from people who had survived drought and war, hunger and disease. On a dozen trips, I forced myself to swallow greasy stews offered around a common pot—with bread serving as the only utensil—by families who could ill-afford an extra guest. And in remote villages, I met teachers who had neither chalk nor chairs nor texts, but who had devised ingenious ways to impart knowledge.

Over three years, I ventured into perhaps 20 provinces, usually in hasty pursuit of bad news. In Baghlan, where an earthquake toppled an entire village, I listened with my eyes closed to the sounds of a man digging and a woman wailing. In Oruzgan, where a U.S. gunship mistakenly bombed a wedding party, killing several dozen women and children, I contemplated a jumble of small plastic sandals left unclaimed at the entrance. In Logar, a weeping teacher showed me a two-room schoolhouse for girls that had been torched at midnight. In Paktia, a dignified policeman twisted himself into a pretzel to show me how he had been abused in U.S. military custody.

During a trip to Nangarhar in the eastern part of the country, I was invited on a rollicking and uplifting adventure: a three-day field mission with U.S. military doctors and veterinarians. We straddled sheep to squirt de-


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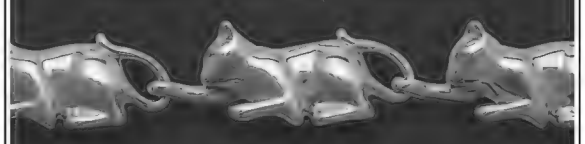

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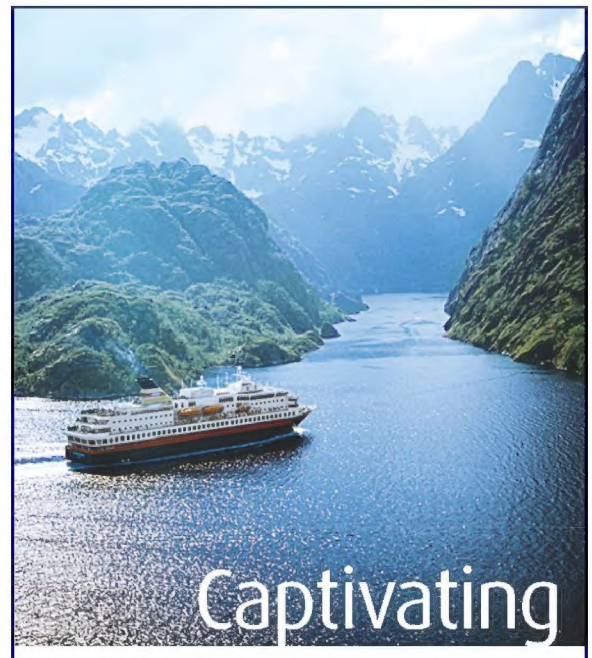
In four days in March 2004, U.S. military veterinarian Trudy Salerno (above) and her colleagues treated some 10,000 goats, donkeys and camels.

worming goo in their mouths, watched baby goats being born, and held stepladders so the vets could climb up to examine camels. We also glimpsed the brutal lives of Afghan nomads, who lived in filthy tents and traveled ancient grazing routes. A crippled girl was brought to us on a donkey for treatment; children were given the first toothbrushes they had ever seen; mothers asked for advice on how to stop having so many babies. By the time we were finished, hundreds of people were a little healthier and 10,000 animals had been vaccinated.

I also made numerous trips to poppy-growing areas, where the pretty but noxious crop, once nearly wiped out by the Taliban, made such a vigorous comeback that by late 2003 it accounted for more than half of Afghanistan's gross domestic product and yielded as much as 75 percent of the world's heroin. Drug trafficking began to spread as well, and U.N. experts warned that Afghanistan was in danger of becoming a "narco-state" like Colombia.

Along roads in Nangarhar and Helmand provinces, fields of emerald poppy shoots stretched in both directions. Children squatted busily

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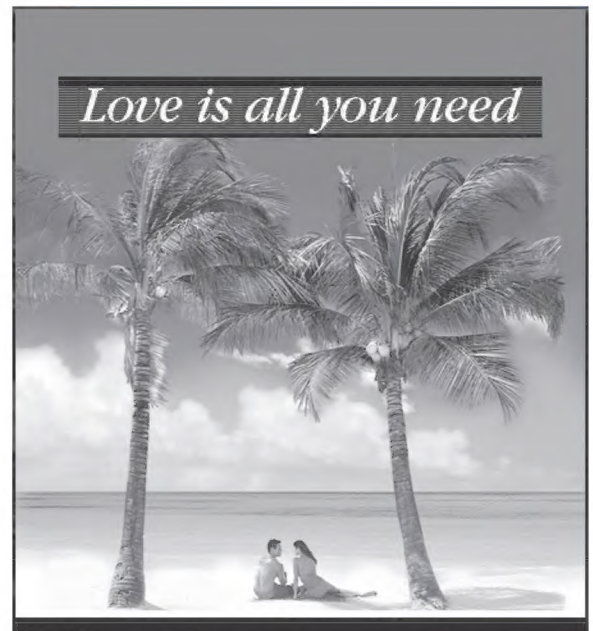


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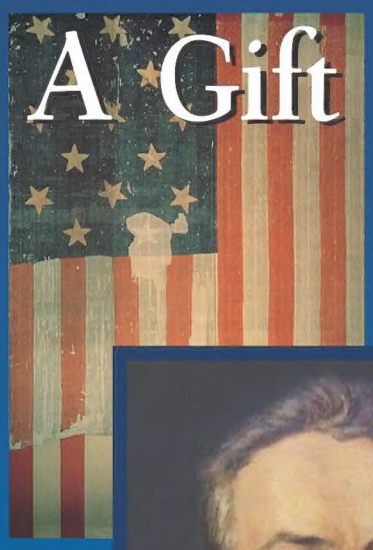

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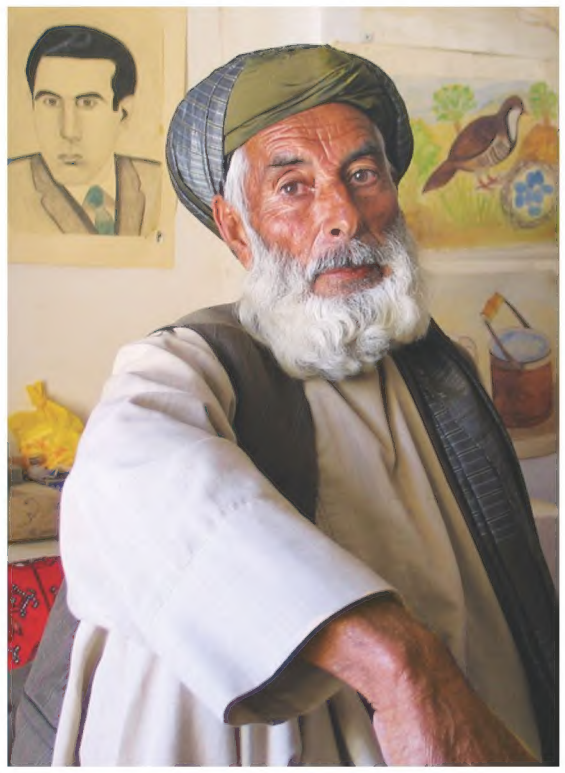

"Possessions are temporary but education is forever," reads an Islamic saying on a study wall of Khair Mahmad, a teacher in Helmand Province.

along the rows, weeding the precious crop with small scythes. Village leaders showed me their hidden stores of poppy seeds, and illiterate farmers, sweating behind ox teams, paused to explain precisely why it made economic sense for them to plow under their wheat fields for a narcotic crop.

In March 2004, visiting a village in Helmand, I stopped to photograph a poppy field in scarlet blossom. A small girl in a bright blue dress ran up to my driver, beseeching him to appeal to me: "Please don't destroy our poppies," she said to him. "My uncle is getting married next month." She could not have been older than 8, but she already knew that her family's economic future—even its ability to pay for a wedding—depended on a crop that foreigners like me wanted to take away.

It was in Helmand also that I met Khair Mahmad, a toothless and partly deaf old man who had turned a corner of his simple stone house into a sanctuary of knowledge. The high school where he taught had been bombed years before and was still open to the sky; classes were held in U.N. tents. Mahmad invited us home to lunch, but we were pressed for time and declined.

Then, a few miles on our way back to Kabul, our vehicle had a flat tire and we limped back to the area's only gas station, which turned out to be near Mahmad's house.

When we entered it, his family was eating a lunch of potatoes and eggs on the patio, and the old man leapt up to make room for us. Then he asked, a bit shyly, if we would like to see his study. I was impatient to leave, but assented out of courtesy. He led us up some stairs to a small room that seemed to glow with light. Every wall was covered with poems, Koranic verses and colored drawings of plants and animals. "Possessions are temporary but education is forever," read one Islamic saying. Mahmad had perhaps a ninth-grade education, but he was the most knowledgeable man in his village, and for him it was a sacred responsibility. I felt humbled to have met him, and grateful for the flat tire that had led me to his secret shrine.

It was at such moments that I remembered why I was a journalist and why I had come to Afghanistan. It was in such places that I felt hope for the country's future, despite the bleak statistics, the unaddressed human rights abuses, the seething ethnic rivalries, the widening cancer of corruption and drugs, and the looming struggle between the nation's conservative Islamic soul and its compelling push to modernize.

When election day finally arrived, international attention focused on allegations of fraud at the polls, threats of Taliban sabotage and opposition sniping at Karzai's advantages. In the end, as had been widely predicted, the president won handily over 17 rivals about whom most voters knew almost nothing. But at an important level, many Afghans who cast their ballots were not voting for an individual. They were voting for the right to choose their leaders, and for a system where men with guns did not decide their fates.

I had read all the dire reports; I knew things could still fall apart. Although the election was remarkably free of violence, a number of terrorist bombings and kidnappings struck the capital in the weeks that followed. But as I completed my tour of duty and prepared to return to the world of hot water and bright lights, smooth roads and electronic voting booths, I preferred to think of that chilly village schoolhouse and the face of that young farmer, poking a ballot into a plastic box and smiling to himself as he strode out of the room, wrapping his shawl a little tighter against the cold autumn wind.

SCOTT BALDAUF

An animal shelter the author started in 2004 cares for Kabul's stray dogs and cats (including this mother and her pups being treated by veterinarian Mohammed Yasin).


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# Last Call

*Hang-ups are an occupational hazard* ~ BY SUSAN MCCARTHY

YOUR CALL IS IMPORTANT TO US. Please hold, and an operator will be with you shortly. Your call will be answered in the order it was received.

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Your call is important to us. I know what you're thinking—if my call is so important, why isn't anybody answering? I have no idea. My job is just to record these messages. But please be patient. Don't hang up.

Your call is important to us. It's especially important to me, an underemployed actor who records these messages. If you hang up, they might hire someone else to tell you how important your call is. I live in fear of being outsourced or replaced by a machine. So please hold for the next available operator.

Your call is—Stop! Don't hang up. Please. I'm telling you, hang up and you could get me fired. Don't force me back to doing telemarketing and phone sex.

Your call is important to us. Dial-A-Psychic won't take me back. I had a bad day and predicted disfigurement or unemployment for everyone who called in. Did you know there's a Dial-A-Psychic blacklist? But I've learned my lesson, and I'm trying to pull myself back up again. Don't be the one who ruins it for me. Please hold.

Your call is important to us. My parole officer says this is my last chance, this piecework for a faceless corporation. Nobody's listening. Nobody cares. Do you really think I could get away with talking like this if they were actually monitoring the calls?

Your call is important to us. Vitally important. Precious, in fact. I need your call. I need you to hold. Do you hear me?—I *need* you to hold.

KATHRYN ADAMS

Your call is *so* important. You have no idea. I've been feeling very fragile lately. I've been through a lot. Abuse of every kind, physical, mental, metaphysical. Alcohol, prescription drugs, credit cards, West Nile. I've been blackballed at every casino in Nevada. My library card was revoked. I have nothing to live for, except your call—unless I get that gig recording voice mail announcements.

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